THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1924

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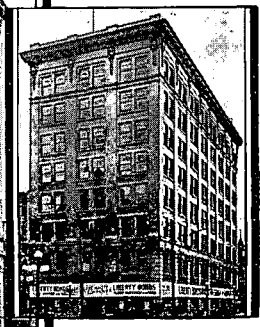

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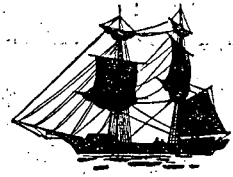

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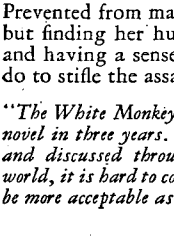

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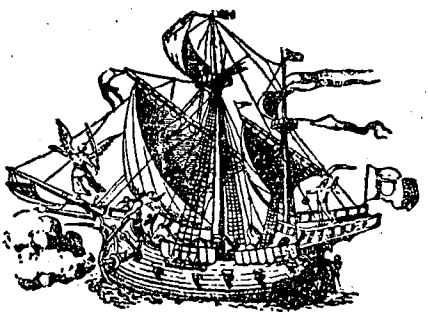

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VOL. 323 — *DECEMBER 6, 1924* — NO. 4196

AROUND THE WORLD IN NOVEMBER

In August, political Europe stood 'under the sign' of the London Conference and the Dawes Plan; in September, of the League Assembly and the Geneva Protocol; and in October, of the British elections. Germany's balloting on December 7 promises to control the present month. November was a season of stocktaking and reorganization. England recovered her breath after her rough-and-tumble around the ballot box; and the defeated parties are consoling themselves that, after all, no one suffered much damage in the scrimmage. The *Manchester Guardian* says: —

Perhaps there never was an election about which so much nonsense has been talked as about the recent election and its results. Enthusiasts have grown eloquent in their vision of a nation rising in its might, and horrifying in their description of 'tidal waves' and 'debacles.' But what are the facts? The party which rode on the tidal wave failed to muster even a majority of the total votes cast, and failed pretty badly. They are a minority Government; in spite of their enormous and overwhelming majority in the House of Commons they do not represent a bare majority in the country. They are without moral authority to speak in its name.

The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* prints figures indicating that it took less than 20,000 votes upon an average to elect a Conservative member, over 36,000 votes to elect a Labor member, and practically 77,000 votes to elect a Liberal member. The Proportional Representation Society tabulates the results for the 561 contested seats — omitting those where there was no opposition — to show that under proportional representation the Labor and Liberal Parties together would have won 295 seats, the Conservatives 261, and the Independents five.

The Conservative *Economist* and the Communist *Labour Monthly* agree that no one except Premier MacDonald wanted the October elections. The *Economist* says: —

In the matter of electoral miscalculation Mr. MacDonald has surpassed Mr. Baldwin. A year ago Mr. Baldwin, enjoying a sufficient majority in the House of Commons, suddenly appealed to the country, and came back with only 259 seats in a House of 615. This time Mr. MacDonald, who was in a position to remain in office and prosecute many good objects, both in the foreign and domestic sphere, gratuitously invited defeat in the House and

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went to the polls, with the result that the Conservatives return to Westminster with a clear majority of more than 200 over all possible combinations. Future Premiers will, we predict, be very chary of playing unnecessarily with the fires of electoral fortune.

The *Labour Monthly* concludes a series of quotations from newspapers and spokesmen of all parties, deploring the election before it was held, with the statement: 'The election of 1924, which "nobody wanted," came as relentlessly, as suddenly in its own fashion, and out of apparently as small an immediate issue, as the War of 1914, which also "nobody wanted."' It then draws this typically Communist conclusion: —

> The immediate issues of the election, the Communist prosecution withdrawal and the Soviet Treaty, were not issues of the Labor Government. They were issues of the working class, just as they were issues of the bourgeoisie, and were fought for between the working class and the bourgeoisie; but they were *not* issues of Mr. MacDonald and the Labor Cabinet. Mr. MacDonald had no wish to fight on such issues of a Communist — that is to say working-class — character, and indeed endeavored to relegate them to the background in his speeches as 'minor' matters. He was concerned to hide them rather than to display them.

The past year illustrates how quickly prominent figures change character to-day on the screen of British public life. Last spring Premier Baldwin was regarded, even by many in his own party, as the extinguished stub of what had always been a smoky and sputtering candle. To-day he is the serene and powerful beacon-light that is to guide Britain's argosy into summer seas of prosperity. Last September Ramsay MacDonald at Geneva was a Knight of the Golden Grail, with hand outstretched to grasp the prize of universal peace. To-day he emerges from the rough-and-tumble of a brief but spirited campaign a battered and defeated champion. But the Labor Party stands loyally behind him, and its pilots show no disposition to choose a new helmsman.

In spite of President Millerand's dramatic assumption of leadership of the National Republican League, which succeeds the National Bloc, — an act of auto-coronation that apparently leaves Poincaré on the lower steps of the throne, — France as a whole shows no present inclination to upset the existing Ministry. Caillaux's restoration to full civic rights gives the present Government a strong man in reserve for emergencies. France has lost no prestige in Europe during Herriot's régime, and that is a powerful factor in his favor.

The fact that France recognized Russia just when the British election results reached Paris was a coincidence given deep meaning by certain Sherlock Holmeses of the European press. Seriously, however, the antecedents of this action go back a long way. M. Herriot visited Soviet Russia before he was Premier, and closer understanding with that country has been part of his Government's programme from the outset. M. Jean Herbette, France's new Ambassador to Moscow, is a cousin of Maurice Herbette, the Ambassador of France at Brussels. He is not a professional diplomatist, but a newspaper man, who was foreign-affairs editor of the Clerical *Écho de Paris* and later André Tardieu's successor in a similar position on *Le Temps*, where he befriended Herriot's party for some weeks prior to its victory at the polls last May. M. Herbette recently lost his position on *Le Temps*, presumably on account of the tenor of his letters to that paper from the League Assembly at Geneva last September.

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Just before his appointment was announced, the prospective ambassador gave an interview to a representative of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, in which he said: —

When we were laboring at Geneva to persuade Germany to enter the League, our delegation felt that a simultaneous approach to Russia was inevitable. The Protocol adopted there faced Germany with this vital question: Can I, in my present disarmed condition, bind myself to permit a League army to march through my territories against Russia? . . . The solution lies in a previous agreement with Russia regarding her foreign policy, especially toward Poland. If the danger of a Russian attack on Poland can be eliminated, Germany's relations with Poland will become easier. In other words, France must extend her plan of pacification to Eastern Europe.

Unless political prophets are at fault, the German elections will strengthen the Moderates, as the polling in Silesia, Hamburg, and Anhalt forecasts, and they will constitute an endorsement of the Dawes Plan, even though no single party secures undivided control of the Reichstag. The Reichsbank is substituting gold marks, protected by an adequate bullion-reserve, for the Rentenmark, and metallic currency is taking the place of small bills.

Dr. Seipel, the Clerical Chancellor of Austria, shortly before his resignation gave an optimistic interview to a representative of *Berliner Tageblatt*, in which he laid special stress upon the new spirit manifested in the commercial relations of the Succession States. While the new Governments formed from the old Austrian-Hungarian monarchy are not ready for a customs union, 'we have good reason to believe that the subsidence of political passions will enable us to remove all unnecessary frontier barriers to our trade.' Farther East the horizon is not so clear. A Junker Government remains in the saddle in Hungary, and there is still dangerous ferment in the Balkans. Mussolini has apparently renounced his attempt to combine a Dictatorship with Liberalism — though with some reluctance — and finds himself forced to govern with the Fascisti alone. The Cabinet formed two years ago embraced Clericals, Social Democrats, and Liberals. The Clericals were the first to withdraw; the Social Democrats parted company on the eve of the elections last April; and now the Liberals, who form well toward a third of the block of 356 seats that supported the Fascist Government in Parliament, have withdrawn, and even some Fascist members of the Veterans' Association are weakening in their allegiance. Indeed, serious rioting between Fascisti and Combattenti occurred at several points during the recent Victory celebration.

Reports of the coming revolution in Spain are to be accepted with reserve, although discontent in that country is doubtless becoming acute. At least two attempts have been made to assassinate Primo de Rivera, and a powerful element in the army itself is said to be arrayed against him. The task of the Directory is exceedingly difficult. Not only the civil service but the army itself has been heavily burdened with unnecessary officials. Economy has forced the Directory to place on the retired list many officers, including four lieutenant-generals, five major-generals, five brigadier-generals, and a thousand or more of lower rank — not exactly a popular measure in the service. *La France Militaire*, a French army organ, recently wrote: —

At the end of the year what is the result of the militarization of Spain? The army is morally undermined and divided into clans. In the Peninsula, General Berenguer's partisans refuse to pardon the con-

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demnation of their chief, and are agitating to have him amnestied and restored to his rights of promotion. The partisans of Weyler are waiting alertly for the first sign of weakness in the Dictator to seize power for themselves. In Morocco the expeditionary forces condemn the Directory's plan of withdrawal. At home the leading statesmen of the country criticize the Government violently in spite of a severe censorship. . . . This brief survey of the situation forces us to conclude that an army is made to obey and not to rule. The army should be at the service of the nation and cannot usurp the functions of civil government except with disastrous consequences.

The dispute between Great Britain and Turkey for Mosul, which was referred to the League of Nations, has been decided on a 'split-the-difference' basis. L. Dumont-Wilden expressed himself thus in *Revue Bleue:* —

When we consider the double game that the British agents have played in Syria, what they have done to embarrass us in the administration of our mandate, we are tempted to rejoice in their Asiatic difficulties, or at least to regard them with an unweeping eye. But to-day all Westerners must stand shoulder to shoulder before the Mohammedan East. An Anglo-Turco dispute that turned out badly might set fire to the powder magazine.

Mustapha Kemal's Government is facing for the first time outspoken opposition in its own Parliament, due largely to the unsatisfactory economic situation. The assassination of Sir Lee Stack, who was in the Sudan in a dual capacity as Governor-General under the British Government and as Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army under the Egyptian Government, upsets calculations regarding Egypt. We referred in our last issue to the breaking of Gandhi's fast, the most picturesque and possibly the most significant event of October in Indian affairs. The most hopeful sign from that country is an apparent disposition among native leaders to compromise purely doctrinal differences and to consider constructive as well as destructive measures.

Conditions remain so confused in China that it is impossible to elucidate them in a word. Little remains to add to our comments of last week beyond noting a growing tendency to interpret the rivalry between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu as a Chinese reflection of the rivalry between Japanese and Anglo-American interests respectively in China. Some Japanese papers print violent accusations against America and Great Britain for their alleged support of Wu. *Yorodzu* accuses us of spending $200,000,000 to defeat Japan's interests in Manchuria. At a meeting of the Anti-Bolshevist Society in Tokyo, the following declaration was issued: —

The present disturbance in China is not merely a civil war. For in the rear of General Wu Pei-fu is America, with the ambition to subjugate the world with her gold, and plotting to use her poison-fangs. She is trying to quench her thirst by swallowing the Orient and encroaching upon Japan's special rights in China.

The touchy temper shown by Japan's representatives at the Opium Conference in Geneva last month, especially in defending China's right to produce and manufacture that drug, may reflect this feeling. Rumors that Japanese traders — and, it is sometimes alleged, officials — are heavily interested in the drug trade of the Orient, and are making 'bootlegging' profits out of it, have been part of the current gossip of the Far East for a long time.

In Latin America, which ought to loom almost as large as Europe in the public eye of the United States, the last month has apparently brought a better poise to the precarious political balance of Brazil and Chile. Insurgents

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in the former country, defeated in their attempt to promote a mutiny in the navy, are now confined, if we may trust the news dispatches, to an uncertain hold upon a limited field of operations on the southern border of the Republic. The London *Statist* said editorially at the end of October:—

> Since the Brazilian Government has shown a willingness to adopt some, if not all, of the recommendations made by the British Financial Mission, whose report was published some four months ago, there has been an improvement in the investment status of Brazilian securities.

Chile also is making progress toward financial stability under her Directory. Commercially South America has recovered sufficiently from the late depression of her primary industries to indulge in military luxuries as well as more immediate necessities. An Italian vessel, Italia, has just returned from a cruise around the continent carrying two missions: one of merchants and the other of military men, together with samples of the wares they respectively sought to sell. *El Sol* of Madrid says:—

> In Brazil, Italy sold a large consignment of tanks and machine-guns; in Uraguay, bombing planes, reconnaissance planes, transportable hangars, and military trucks and automobiles; in Venezuela and Columbia, tanks, rifles, machine-guns, and hand grenades. We are told that the expedition would have sold still more merchandise of this sort if its schedule had allowed time to give satisfactory demonstrations of heavy artillery, flame-throwers, and other apparatus carried on the ship. The orders taken for peace merchandise reached 150,000,000 lire — a very large amount indeed, considering that the cruise was a hasty one and the first of its kind.

We print elsewhere another contribution to the perennial theme of North American imperialism, as seen by our southern neighbors. It is not an isolated expression of opinion, and its dominant note is echoed in various keys not only from our own hemisphere but also from Europe and the Orient. We do not agree with its thesis or share the author's fears, but it is well for us to see ourselves as others see us; and we must be meek if we are destined perforce to inherit the earth. Furthermore, the fear that Latin America cherishes of our political aggression is superficially justified. We have bitten through the Isthmus of Panama, and what gets behind the teeth, unless too unpalatable, is usually headed for deglutition. Mr. Ugarte does not flatter our character, but he does flatter the keenness and prescience of our diplomats and statesmen with a lavishness overwhelming to a man familiar with the corridors of Washington.

After all, economic exploitation is the universal grievance of undeveloped and underdeveloped countries. It was a complaint not unheard in the North American colonies before they separated from Great Britain; and some paragraphs of Mr. Ugarte's indictment repeat almost verbatim similar charges raised in the South against the manufacturing North during the Nullification and Secession controversies before the Civil War. Our reputation for imperialism, which extends to many countries that do not fear political aggression from us, may spring from a debtor complex. It is a new experience for ourselves to be a creditor nation, and a new experience for other countries to see us in that rôle. Moreover, it is a rôle not without its beneficent aspects in Latin America; for the capital we invest there is the most effective contribution we could make to the ultimate economic independence of her republics, upon which their political independence hinges. And the distrust between the debtor and the creditor

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is not all on one side. What Charles Lamb wrote in his essay, 'The Two Races of Men,' is applicable to nations as well as individuals: —

> The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. . . . The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other. . . .
>
> What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest — taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money — accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal

confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!* or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible, pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community* — to the extent of one half of the principle at least!

Possibly, after all, neither the class conflict nor the race conflict is to create the social and political frontier of the future, but instead, the conflict between creditors and debtors. Germany, Austria, and Hungary are prospering under international financial dictatorships. Similar control has been suggested for Russia, for China, and even for France. Our own financial advisers play a prominent rôle in several Latin-American countries. Are we headed for a Dawes Confederation of the World?

KING AND DICTATOR

ALFONSO TO PRIMO. You 've deceived me. You 're as incompetent as the others. And I 've staked my throne on you. — *L'Ère Nouvelle*

WATCHING JAPAN

'T is the magnifying glass that lends enchantment to the view. — Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*

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THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT

BY MANUEL UGARTE

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[We print below, with the consent of the author and of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishers of the prospective English edition, two freely translated extracts from Manuel Ugarte's *El Destino de un Continente*. This book is a dramatic plea for a Latin-American resurgence against Anglo-Saxon absorption; and though, as its chapters show, it does not represent the unanimous opinion of the writer's fellow racials, it is a document of sentiment with which every thinking American should be familiar.]

I. NORTH AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

North American imperialism, by virtue of the flexibility and adaptability it exhibits in its operations abroad, the diversity of form it assumes to suit varying circumstances, and the ethnic composition and social condition of the peoples over whom it is extending its sway, is one of the most significant phenomena of this century. Never in the course of history has the world witnessed a process of expansion so irresistible and so marvelously orchestrated as that by which the United States is subordinating to its ends the peoples geographically or politically within its reach. Rome followed a rigid system; Spain clung to a policy of bluster and display; up to our own day England and France have endeavored to dominate rather than to absorb. Only the United States has succeeded in constantly varying its methods of expansion to suit the exigencies of the age, employing different tactics in different instances and discarding whatever threatened to encumber its progress to its goal.

I refer here both to ethical scruples that forbid the employment of particular measures in certain cases, and to the national vanity that tempts other nations into enterprises outside their immediate sphere of interest. North American imperialism has always been able to control both its aversions and its nerves. It even enforces respect for its flag as an effective way to extend its dominion rather than as a question of national prestige. At one time overbearing, at another time conciliatory, in some cases professedly disinterested, in other cases aggressively greedy, shrewdly calculating the main chance in every complex situation with a foresight that envisages centuries, better informed and more resolute than any of its rivals, never acting on impulse, never forgetting, insensitive, unafraid, pursuing its world policy with complete prevision, that imperialism is the most efficient agency of conquest that has ever existed in the history of the world.

Adding to the scientific legacy of the imperialisms of the past the gifts of its own inspiration and the advantages of an unequaled environment, this great nation has subverted all principles of politics, just as it had already revolutionized all precedents of material progress. The Great Powers of Europe face North American di-

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plomacy like a man with a rapier matched against an opponent with a Browning.

The early conquistadores, with their primitive mentality, simply enslaved the inhabitants of the countries they annexed. Those who followed them annexed territories without enslaving their people. It was left to the North Americans to invent the system of absorbing wealth without annexing either populations or territories, to renounce the appearance of ownership in order to seize its substance without undertaking the useless burden of administering alien realms and ruling alien races. They attach little weight to the domestic doings of a community, and concern themselves even less with the particular form the external agencies of control necessary for their purpose may assume, so long as the result is a maximum of influence, profit, and authority, with a minimum of risk, compromise, and friction.

Thus an endless variety of forms and patterns of imperialistic control has arisen in North America's sphere of influence. Instead of using the same prescription in every instance, the new imperialism makes a separate diagnosis of each case; it studies carefully the extent of territory involved, its geographical situation, the density of its population, the origin and ethnical grouping of the people, the level of civilization, the customs, the topography, whatever may favor or discourage resistance, racial likenesses or differences that counsel a policy of assimilation or the reverse, and whatever provisions it is prudent to make against future contingencies. The dominant consideration, of preserving intact the energy and vitality of the home race, from which national expansion receives its impulse, makes it imperative first of all to preserve the racial purity of the masters, and to exclude any alien infusion that might alloy it. For the United States to annex peoples would be to change the composition of its own blood; therefore the invader, not wishing to dilute but to perpetuate his stock, avoids measures that may change or impair the superiority he claims.

This imperialism might have doubled or tripled the extent of the territories under its flag during the last few years, almost without exerting itself; but it is alive to the danger of trying to assimilate great masses of people of a different origin. The absorption of small territories inhabited by a comparatively sparse white population does not present difficulties, but the conquest of large areas populated by people of a refractory stock involves dangers obvious to the most elementary intelligence. This difficulty has been solved by ruling without a crown, under alien flags, whose apparent sovereignty is soon shown to be illusory.

A system of financial pressure, international tutelage, and fiscal control yields all the advantages of annexation without its risks. In applying these tactics North American imperialism has exhibited an incomparable dexterity that even its victims admire. In the financial sphere it aims to monopolize markets from which it excludes all competitors, to control production and to fix prices, to encourage small nations to contract debts that later beget controversies and reclamations and pave the way for the exercise of virtual sovereignty. In foreign relations this imperialism makes itself the defender of these same countries, forces the world to accept its intervention when dealing with them, and draws them into its orbit as its permanent satellites. Within the sphere of domestic politics it favors whatever strengthens its own prestige, supports the ambitions of men who labor for its own interests, and

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puts barriers in the way of men who would oppose those interests; and it sternly blocks the path of any leader whose keener intelligence or purer patriotism makes him defend his country's independence.

It is in this last sphere of action that we can study best the cunning hand of the imperialist. Subtle intrusion into the domestic affairs of any nation has always been justified by the classic appeal to peace, progress, civilization, and culture; but the methods and results of such intervention have often completely falsified these premises.

It is clear that the point of departure, the lever's fulcrum in all instances, is to be found in the endless political effervescence of our own people. But advantages have been drawn from this condition so great as to appear incredible. By playing upon the rivalry of cliques and the ambitions of individuals, by utilizing the instability of government in our impulsive and restless democracies, imperialism has erected in each of them a superior authority, sometimes hidden, sometimes visible, that shuffles, rearranges, combines, tangles and untangles events, so as to produce crises favorable for its interests. Here it supports dictators, there revolutionists, but in either case it poses as a conciliator or an arbiter, and constantly guides affairs toward the goal it keeps steadfastly in mind: to encourage anarchy and discredit the government, so as to justify intervention, to eliminate officials who resist its dominant influence, and to supplant these by weak or stupid tools whose feebleness or blindness aids its cause. . . .

The principal triumph of the new imperialism consists in setting itself up as the arbiter of success or failure in our own public life. Able to dispense liberal favors to private enterprise, and to give powerful support to political ambitions, it has pushed not only the restless and intriguing but even the most incorruptible and honorable of our public men to the extreme limit of concession possible without complete abdication of their rights. It has thus created, gradually and almost without the people being aware of it, throughout the countries 'worked,' a specific mentality that tolerates in domestic controversies the intervention of influences that do not have their origin in the nation itself, and that insinuate into every act or project of the Government an element of alien interest.

This explains why, in a continent laboring under a foreign incubus unprecedented in history, we find so few men who protest openly against it. Some refrain from doing so because they are eager before all else for personal success; others because they fancy they can accomplish more by dissimulating their true sentiments. All seem to tolerate or ignore the secret force that unceasingly makes its presence felt. No one, with a few rare exceptions, admits surrendering to that force. But the varying degrees of subservience to it constitute a scale from which the invader skillfully picks out the notes that most please his ears, and gradually silences the notes that offend them.

I do not mean to say that power and influence are auctioned off to those who make the most concessions; the self-respect and dignity of our peoples would not consent to that. But there is not an instance in the history of our Republics where a man marked out as an adversary of North American imperialism has reached the Presidency. Those who have risen to that honor with the good will of Washington fall as soon as they show a disposition to resist its wishes. The axis around which public life revolves, therefore, is not midway between those who attack

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and those who surrender to alien influence, but between those who show a greater or a less inclination to surrender.

More than once the alien power has conferred an improvised and artificial popularity on men of secondary rank who had no apparent qualifications for high office, while able statesmen, whose clear-headedness and ability were a menace to its interests, were sacrificed. Metternich's maxim in a serious Austrian crisis, 'We must support the ambitions of X in France, because X is incurably stupid and won't trouble us,' has been applied repeatedly in American public life. A native shrewdness that sometimes supplies the place of talent has enabled our people occasionally to defeat these designs. But the general result has been to elevate to office men of minor ability, not so much in order to extort concessions from them, as because the errors they commit on their own initiative put them more completely in the power of their backer.

Occupants of public office who oppose this influence, no matter how courteously and diplomatically they do so, discover an intangible cloud of opposition arising on the frontier or in the vicinity of the capital, that speedily blocks their advancement. Although at its beginning an insurrection may be trifling and have practically no supporters, it quickly gains headway because it seems to have inexhaustible resources behind it; and although the Government may be strong and popular, it cannot suppress the disturbance before pleas to protect investments and to prevent bloodshed cause foreign ministers to intervene and foreign troops to disembark. In spite of divergent interests of France, Spain, and England, the diplomatic corps in our Latin-American capitals always resembles a train of luxurious palace-cars pulled by a locomotive flying the Stars and Stripes.

Moreover, what the world learns about these events is only what the United States wishes it to know, because that country controls all the agencies of public opinion and has the cables in its hands. So a recalcitrant executive soon finds himself abandoned by his supporters and imprisoned behind both a physical and a moral blockade. This explains the rapidity with which a government falls to-day in a country where civil wars formerly lasted several years, and it explains likewise, though it does not justify, what we call official terrorism.

Swifter still is the procedure when the resistance is made by private parties, whether they be merchants, soldiers, or writers. At a breath of wind, so to speak, friendships are severed, opportunities vanish, and the very atmosphere seems to rarefy about that person. Nothing shows on the surface, but it is as if a curse had silently fallen on his head. The merchant finds his credit cut off; the soldier discovers his promotion blocked; the writer sees his popularity wane. It makes no difference that before having adopted his attitude of resistance the merchant was courted by the banks, the soldier commended for his skill, the author respected for his writings. The simple enunciation of a tabooed idea blocks the road to future success. And happy he for whom this subterranean influence merely closes the path of advancement. It often happens that, for some reason that no one can clearly explain, the merchant is ruined and goes to prison, the soldier loses his commission and vanishes into exile, the writer is accused of the basest conduct. Hence the opportunism of those who, caught by the current, seek to reconcile their patriotism with Monroeism.

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II. WHERE LATIN AMERICA FAILS

If we examine Latin-American life even superficially, we shall find that the primary source of our failures lies in the wrong ideals and the wrong methods of our education. I do not refer alone to instruction in the direct and formal sense, but also to that broader attitude toward life that determines the habitual conduct of a community, that creates and guides collective action, and affects even those who have received no instruction in the schools. A school curriculum is a programme of action to be applied in real life after school years are over; and the great error of Latin America has been to transplant to the New World a curriculum that is antiquated.

The people of a virgin continent of fabulous undeveloped wealth, born under new conditions unprejudiced by social precedent, inspired by democratic ideals, ought, in a century of economic rivalry like our own, to face life with a practical preparation fitting them to deal with the problems thus presented. Instead of that, we have taught our people the routine learning of nations that have already fulfilled their destiny. Latin, *belles-lettres*, and purely scholarly attainments are worthy contributions and precious possessions of a higher culture, but they can exert little or no influence on the development of societies in process of formation, that are struggling to subdue nature, that are called upon first of all to defend themselves, to establish themselves, to make themselves master, by their own intelligence and toil, of their particular patrimony. This antithesis between practical needs and empirical instruction is the source of all our difficulties. It is the cause of the conflict between our urban intellectuals with their pretentious literary accomplishments, and the country population, which, in spite of its illiteracy, performs the really useful work of the country; and its final fruit is stagnation and dependence upon foreign enterprise and capital.

Life presents problems that cannot be answered by a quotation from Horace, and our communities, prepared for anything else better than for the practical task that fate has assigned them, either let their resources lie undeveloped, or alienate them to the foreigner. And bear in mind that by undeveloped resources I do not mean merely treasures to be drawn from the soil and the subsoil — mines, forests, petroleum deposits, and the like — but the social apparatus through which a modern State functions: railways, public works, sanitation, clothing, food, and other things innumerable. In each of these branches it is exceedingly rare for the native to become a practical provider to the community. This is not due to his indolence, as is often charged. His indolence and indifference are rather the effects of his disillusionment and his mental misdirection. The ultimate cause is his supercilious literary pride, which unfits him for practical pursuits, and his lack of scientific preparation, which reduces to a minimum his efficiency in any productive vocation.

Even those who start out to devote themselves to agriculture, stock-raising, or other occupations suitable for a country in the earlier stages of its development, do so without professional preparation, and with no knowledge of the modern methods pursued elsewhere. Consequently, they continue to follow the out-of-date practices of the most backward parts of Spain, or imitate the customs of the Indians. In most cases they begin as men might do at the dawn of history, as if no body of acquired knowledge and experience already existed; they learn only through their own failures, and

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all the wisdom they transmit to their posterity is what can be conveyed through oral tradition.

Our school courses have not even the remotest connection with the demands of our age, our physical environment, our state of social progress, our needs as a community. Primary instruction has been confined to teaching merely auxiliary acquirements, such as reading and writing, while advanced courses have been monopolized by the useless and ornamental accomplishments of a parasitic group. That explains why we must go abroad for capital, for engineers, for skilled artisans, every time we have to build a highway, a railway, or a bridge.

By confining education to these purely ornamental subjects the Latin Americans have surrendered the profits of their rich territories to strangers, and have made their countries tributary nations. Their wealth has been systematically extracted, converted into useful forms, transported, manufactured, and sold with the aid of foreign capital, and by firms, specialists, and traders whose sentiments and interests are those of distant lands. Every object of personal use — our clothing, household furniture, even much of our food; all our public services and works, such as tramways, telephones, street paving; all our national enterprises, such as railways, telegraphs, and armaments, are furnished by other countries. To be sure, every nation is more or less dependent on its neighbors, and international trade is the lifeblood of the community of peoples. But for this very reason, that wealth is never durable which is derived solely from the fortuitous fertility of the soil and local markets. Trade does not redound to the advantage of a nation except when the people of that nation hold it in their hands. A country is never prosperous unless it can pay for what it gets abroad with what it produces at home, and lives within its income.

Thus, a faulty and misdirected education, unfitted to encourage enterprise, initiative, industry, and a fruitful economic life, condemns us to pay tribute to the stranger in connection with almost every act: when we take a tramcar, when we attend a movie-show, when we use a telephone, when we sign an insurance contract, when we enter an automobile, when we open a book, when we turn out a light, when we ascend in an elevator, when we do business at a bank, when we purchase a bicycle, when we tread a carpet, when we wear glasses, when we look at our watch — for every one of these articles, conveniences, or necessities comes from outside the country and is supplied by foreign firms. The paper in our favorite periodical, the pen with which we write our letters, the very bunting from which we make our national flag, has been manufactured outside our boundaries; and, what is worst of all, in many cases from raw materials taken from our own territories without our people receiving the slightest profit from the transaction.

What Latin America actually buys in final analysis is not physical goods, but the scientific superiority, the technical skill, the business capacity, that come from an education that she herself might give to her own sons with no more effort than is necessary to draft a sensible plan and consistently to apply it. We have become so accustomed to our inferiority in many matters that the very thought of overcoming it strikes us with surprise. But our condition is not something irremediable and beyond the power of man to change. The idea that we may sometimes build our own ships, manufacture our own arms, manage our own railways, utilize the metals from our own mines, conduct our own freezing works and pack-

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ing houses, and do a thousand other things of the same sort, is just beginning to dawn in the minds of our younger generation, which at last shows an ambition to address itself to the great task of developing the continent that stands at our elbows inviting our enterprise and labor.

While the prejudices begotten of our faulty education unfit us for practical pursuits, they are claimed to make us superior in the realm of art and letters. Our people often say, 'The Anglo-Saxons are the masters of practical life, but we excel them in the higher spheres of thought.' The falsity of this is so evident that one almost shrinks from discussing it. Even assuming that the natural aptitudes of the two races were different in this respect, we should be no less foolish for that reason to neglect the practical pursuits on which national power is founded. But do we unquestionably possess the superiority in purely intellectual achievement of which we boast? Do our thinkers and artists actually have a precedence in art, philosophy, and science? Can we cite definite masterpieces and inventions to prove this assertion? The United States, the land of mechanical routine, as our people call it, has produced men famous throughout the world, such as Poe, Walt Whitman, Whistler, William James, Edison. Hundreds of others have made distinct contributions to the world's beautiful possessions, treasures of thought, and progress. Unhappily we cannot say the same of ourselves. And most unhappily of all, we might do so if we but utilized our gifts. Rarely has history produced a people more richly endowed than ourselves with native intelligence, quickness of perception, and imagination. But absence of inspiring intellectual guidance, lack of moral discipline, a purely mnemonic education, dearth of high ideals, and devotion to routine, have kept the latent capacities of our people from bearing fruit.

On the one hand, false emulation makes them prefer to misuse their time hampering others instead of devoting it to self-improvement; while, on the other hand, the undue importance that the rank and file of our citizens attach to office and public honors has discouraged devotion to ideal tasks that promise among us little or no reward, either material or otherwise. . . .

When the Japanese were forced to open their islands to the trade of the world and found themselves face to face with the formidable superiority of Occidental culture, they instantly took measures necessary for self-preservation, instead of continuing to worship their ancient legends. They met their rivals on their own ground; they borrowed from the West whatever promised to be of profit to them; and realizing that political independence is the child of economic independence, they promptly applied themselves to winning the latter.

If Latin America would substitute for her present system of education one suitable for the modern age, she might gradually accomplish similar results. In speaking of a new education, however, I do not mean that we should confine ourselves to a merely trade education in the various practical vocations to the neglect of all higher forms of culture. Without the latter, knowledge is but a body devoid of soul. It is only the highest elements of culture that give men a spirit of initiative, intellectual freedom, and creative energy. First of all, we should throw overboard the primitive idea that education is merely acquiring a certain stock of information. It is far more important, more exalted, than that. It becomes a beneficent and creative force in national life only when it is

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directed toward positive goals of social progress, solely when it serves a national ideal to which each individual subordinates his personal good.

When Latin America gives her sons a technical and moral training for life, suitable for the day in which we live, our wasted energies will find more profitable employment than fomenting revolutions, and we shall rid ourselves of the unhappy illusion that we own the wealth of our country merely because it is produced beneath our flag. In many respects we remain to-day virtually colonies of Europe and the United States, and our subordination will not end until we steer our course through the centuries by a new chart, and equip ourselves to reach a nobler port.

Another vital problem for Latin America is the race question. We may deal with it either on the Anglo-Saxon principle of segregation, or in conformity with the policy of assimilation that our traditions teach us. If we choose the former course, we shall encounter countless obstacles: we shall have to reverse our practices of the past; we shall be forced to control compact masses of people difficult to segregate; we must break with all our historical precedents. The United States settled its difficulty at the outset, brutally but logically, in conformity with the principles of English colonization and the customs of the times. But Iberian America is the child, so to speak, of a union legitimatized by centuries, and cannot now repudiate her past in order to rectify its errors.

In fact, the Indian possesses double rights. He was the original occupant of the land, dispossessed by the Spaniards and excluded by the Creoles, but none the less its owner by an imprescriptible title. Added to that, we owe our independence largely to him. Technically, when the Spaniards dispossessed the Indian, they did so by the law of war recognized in their time. They were conquerors. But we, who admitted the Indian to the ranks of our armies as equals when we were fighting for our freedom, cannot dismiss him thus cavalierly after we have received his aid. San Martín and Bolivar did not ask their soldiers if they wore shoes or from what race they sprang. It was enough to know for whom their hearts beat. Indians formed an integral part of the armies that swept across Latin America from the north to the south; they contributed largely to the emancipation of the ancient colonies; they helped to redeem our vast territories with their blood; and if they are less advanced and less educated than some of the rest of us, they can look us in the face and say: 'We have given you the land; we have given you liberty; and in return you have made us slaves.'

The African is an accident in our midst and does not form a considerable population group except in some parts of the Antilles; but the Indian is indisputably superior in numbers in many of our Republics, where he presents a problem that can only be solved by lifting him up to our level of culture and fraternally recognizing him as our equal. Whatever separates the constituent elements of a nation likewise incapacitates that nation for progress or defense.

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BRET HARTE'S GENIUS[1]

BY J. P. COLLINS

From the *Nineteenth Century and After, October*
(London Conservative Monthly)

Those who have crossed America and touched the edge of the Pacific can well believe the saying that California has a way of cramming a century into a decade. Her last eight decades have certainly made more history than the rest combined. Within the span of memory she has emerged from sun-dazzled torpor into an era of ultra-modern luxury and in the process has evolved a literature of her own as stirring and vivid as any in the West. Among her writers there is one who may be styled the Laureate of the Pacific Belt, though he was born a Yankee, came and settled in Europe, and died a nomad and in the higher sense a cosmopolitan. Perhaps this is why his writings have been spared that over-accretion of 'ana' and memorabilia which stamps a man the prey of the collector. Like Heine, he paid the penalty of candor in exile; like Heine, his powers of derision cost him friends. But limitations like these only deepen his interest for those with first-hand appreciation of sterling work. Even his detractors, when they talk of Francis Bret Harte and the short story, set him in the same constellation with Poe and de Maupassant; and better-balanced judges may look in vain for his superior in fire, originality, characterization, or range of power.

He could have found no better environment than the California of the middle fifties. The West had had a double awakening, and cynics jeered at the ease with which the acquisition of territory from Mexico was followed by the gold rush of 1849. The rest of the story covers familiar ground, but it was Bret Harte who made it so. By the time he arrived in the West, at the age of seventeen, the Wilmot Proviso in regard to slavery had failed, and the Civil War had come and gone. The placid days of the Jesuit régime in the West were over, and its missions have had no such historian as the French pioneers of the North and East found in Parkman. We can only surmise how hordes of converts and catechumens melted away — Spaniards into the chaotic violence of the South, Indians into the slower death of reservations, phthisis, and decay. The type of Padre Felipe sank into a memory, leaving many a bleaching ruin of calvary and chapel, and strewing the Pacific Coast with sainted place-names like a jeweled rosary ten thousand miles in length.

The reign of the derringer and the dynamite fuse supervened. Then came the commercialism of the canning-sheds, and lastly the era of the film-factory and the shadow-show. Some day, perhaps, the cinema will feature this sequence of progress in three stages: gold in the chalice, gold in the gulch, and gold in the pockets of Charlie Chaplin. The transition is more tragic than it looks, and the end is not yet. Thirty

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years ago it was noted by R. L. Stevenson, and his chapter on the decline of Monterey is a tour de force in the art of irony. For, as he complained, the encroachments of an alien civilization had ousted peaceful mission work for the operations of the land-grabber, the Big Bonanza, and the flaunting caravanserai. If he had lived to see this age of oil and hustle, he might have voted it 'expense of spirit in a waste of shame.'

The gold rush brought this melting-pot of races to the boiling point, and filled the newly christened town of San Francisco with a picturesque scum. Try as the Western areas may to fuse and purge themselves, this ganglion of races has become more and more of a problem. But the 'forty-niners' were not harassed by foreign complications beyond the jostling contact of life from day to day. When resort to revolvers failed, or Judge Lynch overstepped the mark, the Vigilance Committee came to life and requisitioned its fifty thousand men. Harte describes this as

> the most peaceful, orderly, well-organized, and temperate mob the world had ever known, and yet in conception as lawless, autocratic, and imperious as the conditions it opposed.

It was in the thick of this conflict with 'God-forsaken holler foolishness' that Bret Harte came into view. On the strength of his ballad of 'Truthful James'—and his verse does not concern us here — he is usually credited with using humor as a veil for Sinophobia, but those who make this hasty inference have clearly not read his tale of 'Wan Lee' or the rest of his work. Curiously enough, it was a drama in collaboration, with 'Ah Sin' for title, that sundered his friendship with an old colleague, Mark Twain. They had entered upon fame together, the one with 'The Jumping Frog,' the other with 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' and both had reason to rage at the public's folly in singling out these casual backwoods sketches to the exclusion of more deliberate and responsible work. Well, the public remains consistent in its willfulness; but this point is of minor importance compared with the much-disputed question which of these young authors led the way in the awakening of the West. A letter from Clemens settles it fairly. Writing in 1866, he expresses a loyal conviction that his old colleague was the veritable pioneer of the West in American literature: —

> Though I am generally placed at the head of my breed of scribblers in this part of the country, the place properly belongs to Bret Harte, I think, though he denies it, along with the rest.

There is one important clue to method and point of view, and that is the modest paper Bret Harte wrote for the *Cornhill* a quarter of a century ago. It is at once a disclaimer and an essay in self-exposition, and the chances are ten to one that the author designed for it another title than 'The Rise of the Short Story.' He says in effect that the short story in America was none of his creation; it was an instrument that came his way from the hands of Poe and Hawthorne. But these and their successors had wasted their opportunities, for they had treated the West as a lurid back-cloth for their imaginings, whether macabre or sentimental. They had not realized how America was a turmoil of races, and it remained for himself to benefit by that perception. He set to work to picture California as a region like nothing else on earth, but Californians as fundamentally identifiable with human beings elsewhere. He excelled by expressing Western character in its native lingo, and setting both in a framework of brief and lucid narrative. He never

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prosed, and he never preached. And if he sometimes fell into that sententious supergentility he so derides in Mrs. Brooks of Telegraph Hill, something must be conceded to an age whose literary ideals were still a 'back look, lingering.'

Bret Harte, in a word, helped to liberate Western literature from the thralldom of the eighteenth century. Where his predecessors used ceremonious diction to round up a decorous idea, Harte flicked off the touch required in a telling word or two, and banished a yawn by the irresistibility of his humor. The vicissitudes of life in Roaring Gulch or Sandy Bar had caught him at an impressionable age, and he dealt with that crude and reckless community in terms it could understand. He drew from it a fund of episode and character rougher than any quartz in the miner's cradle, and turned it into vignettes and types of sterling metal, turbulent, dissolute, profane, acute, but above all things human. The result has been travestied and copied so often, and to so little lasting purpose, that his work gains all the more by contrast. He has been mocked for his Spanish tags, his occasional dandyisms in phraseology, his forty-niners and their freedom in the use of arms and oaths, his women of faded virtue, his untamed but lovable youngsters, his convivial touches, and the rest. But he packed the essence of life and adventure into the very idiom of effective speech, and he woke up to find himself famous. The Cinderella of the West not only surpassed her Eastern sisters in grace and beauty, but she drew the other slipper from a ragged pocket and handed it to the prince of story-tellers. The thought, he said of one of his characters, as he might have said of himself,

> was not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching; slangy undress of the place and period; yet it never was rustic nor homespun, and sometimes struck home with its precision and fitness.

Poe drew his characters from the charnel house and his plots from Bedlam, as if to set off a marvelous sanity and force of style by the very wildness of his material. It would be hard to find in any literature a better opening than the first few sentences of his 'Cask of Amontillado,' a tale which in the telling is a model. But the worst of all mannerisms is the perpetual exclusion of daylight; and though it shines now and then in the verse of Poe, 'the sun never beams' in his tales of mystery and imagination. Hawthorne, a Puritan in life and habit, was less of a purist in style than he is labeled in lectures and textbooks; and even his shorter narratives labor under that ponderousness which makes *The Scarlet Letter* so truly *démodé*. De Maupassant alone of the three, perhaps, can vie with Bret Harte for range of plot and lightness of touch, but the effect on the reader after a volume or two of the Norman master is one of depression, if not nausea. Bret Harte rejoices in a gayety and resilience that are absent from all three. Indeed, his sunny disposition makes Poe by comparison seem unearthly and half insane, de Maupassant seem earthy and insanitary.

So far as plots went, — that crucial problem with the short-story writer unless he is content with expanded anecdotes or photographic *tranchés de vie*, — Bret Harte's preferences were all for simple issues. But he embroiders them with refined emotions and a delicate fancy, usually on a framework of high constructive skill. There is something arbitrary in classifying works of art like these, but take his representative stories, and they group themselves roughly according to a few favorite motives. These may be set forth briefly as follows: —

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RECONCILIATION

The Iliad of Sandy Bar. Old chums estranged.
A Knight Errant of the Foothills. Spanish and American ideas.
The Outcasts of Poker Flat. Chance companions in adversity.
The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh. A bequest of misanthropy.
Wan Lee, Pagan. Barbarism rebuked.

LOVE OF CHILDREN

How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar. The Christmas theme.
The Luck of Roaring Camp. Civilizing effects of a nativity.
An Episode of Fiddletown. A light woman tamed by a child.
The Idyl of Red Gulch. A mother's renunciation.

PRECOCITY BY FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Miggles. Made a woman before her time.
M'liss. The romance of a gypsy waif and her tutor.
Johnson's Old Woman. An orphaned home run by a child.

PHASES OF FRIENDSHIP

Brown of Calaveras. An Enoch Arden story.
The Man of No Account. Renunciation and generosity.
Left out on Lone Star Mountain. A group of chums reunited.
Tennessee's Partner. Fidelity to a dead and discredited crony.
Captain Jim's Friend. The servitude of infatuation.

THE UGLY DUCKLING, OR MERIT REVEALED

Colonel Starbottle's Client. The expiation of a murderer.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story. An innkeeper marries an heiress.
The Fool of Five Forks. A mountain hermit's bequest.
The Man from Solano. An uncouth duffer's triumph in finance.

REËMERGENCE OF THE PAST

Mrs Skaggs's Husbands. A long-pent revenge.
The Great Deadwood Mystery. Cleared up by a bundle of letters.
A Secret of Telegraph Hill. Mercy makes a way for love.
The Argonauts of North Liberty. A second husband helped by the first.
Mr. Thompson's Prodigal. A father's opportunity wasted.

FEMININE HEROISM

An Heiress of Red Dog. Dumb affection thrown away.
The Postmistress of Laurel Run. She saves a thief from arrest.
The Princess Bob and her Friends. An Indian's self-sacrifice.
The New Assistant. Overlooking a man's shady record.

One desideratum of the good short story is that it may be read many times over, like some choice passage in a well-told novel; and this holds true in not a few instances, with increase of pleasure at each return. But in too many authors, perhaps, this is because the impression left upon the mind is one of contrivance rather than conviction, and eccentricity rather than truth to life and character. Inside the circle of his short stories Bret Harte has created a group of characters destined to live as long as any in full-dress fiction. Colonel Starbottle borrows something, perhaps, from the conviviality of Captain Costigan and the florid buoyancy of Mr. Micawber, as well as a fiery trace of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in Sheridan's play. But he has a heavy-father gallantry and a dramatic snap that are all his own; and his conversion of a hostile audience in the story of his 'client' is a masterpiece of bluff. In most critiques and comments this particular yarn finds itself eclipsed by earlier works, but when we have made all allowances for the degree to which they pack suspense, sympathy, humor, and surprise into the compass of a few pages, it is doubtful if they can be held to surpass 'Colonel Starbottle's Client' according to any valid standard of criticism. In the clash of character between the sprightly Sally and the haughty Julia, the latter's subjugation by a Dob-

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bin-like hero at a sorry disadvantage, and the righting of values in a tragic ending, it remains about as near perfection as one can well desire.

Style and sex are too often the rocks on which our romancers come to grief, and Bret Harte emerges with flying colors. A rough school such as gave him his training is apt to endow its graduates with the mantle of misanthropy, but with him this was merely a conversational garnish. Emerson records a visit from him in the seventies when they argued which was the stronger civilizing influence, vice or virtue, and as the sage of Concord was the recorder of the wrangle, virtue won. But this bitterness is only a touch of garlic relish in these incomparable stories, and it will remain a mystery where he found, unless by intuition, the material for fashioning characters like Jessie Mayfield in a region of violence where to be a woman was to be a byword. Not infrequently he surprises the reader with a flash that is exquisitely modern, or so we pride ourselves. The refusal of Miggles to submit to matrimony for fear of having her motives impugned is the sort of whim that is rare except in the wire-puzzle intricacy which abounds elsewhere; but it anticipates many a play and novel which has made a name.

This kind of thing, like his turn for the subtle analysis of psychology in plain and attractive terms, must have been a new sensation for the Pacific slope, and we can well understand the qualms it aroused among printers who were steeped in a mush of truisms, whiskey, and bloodshot blatherskite. He never stooped to the physical jerks that pass for strong writing to-day, or dabbled in that sexuality which spoils too many pretentious novels. Delicacy of nature, like humor, has its own secrets, and we shall probably find his inner self was moulded by a mother who was widowed early in life, but fortified by a wealth of natural refinement. The Talmud has an axiom that says: 'Wisest is he who has learned at his mother's knee,' and it was a dash of Dutch and Hebrew blood that explains no little that was puzzling in the artistic sensibility of this hybrid of the West, who so rejoiced in garnishing his truly Latin eloquence with what he called 'sabre-cuts of Saxon.'

Constituted as he was, it would be too much to expect him not to yield now and then to the grim genius of Balzac; and here and there we catch an echo of the thwarted aims, the stern retributions, the remorseless iconoclasm, of the *Comédie Humaine*. But Harte's ruling affinity was Dickens, as has often been noted; and his simple elegy by way of gratitude, 'Dickens in Camp,' knocked off as a piece of journalism, deserves a place alongside 'Thyrsis' and 'Adonaïs.' It was this frank study of Boz, doubtless, which developed his weakness for the grandiose Latinisms that formed the staple of Victorian eloquence; but it also helped him to make this Ciceronian habit of diction an artistic setting for the raciness and whimsicality of Western slang and dialogue. It was also Dickens's example, maybe, that led him to label his 'heavies' with compounded surnames like Rollingstone, Ringround, Beeswinger, Boompointer, and the rest. Many of them figure in his only novel, *Gabriel Conroy*, a work that suffered from the extravagant price paid for it and unintelligent treatment in many of the reviews.

Nor has the strain of criticism done him justice since. We have grown accustomed to finding him dismissed in a page or two of literary survey, and authors like Henry James spread out into chapters of imitative verbiage. The fat-ox principle may appeal to some, but space for the spacious is a fallacy that destroys proportion. Our

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compensation lies in the probability that Yuba Bill and a few of the characters already named will enjoy an undiminished popularity and vigor when the Brigstocks and Princess Casamassima gasp and wither in the convalescent homes of academic disquisition. Fortunately this stereotyped and parasitic criticism perishes early, and finds its end in a Gadarene swamp of abstract terms. But its very plenitude prolongs the agony. As Master Gulliver said of dictionary-makers and writers of travels, the authors are 'sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who came last and therefore lie uppermost.'

Harte, after a triumphant term in the Eastern States, came to live in Europe. He remained a patriot, but a friend to this country, when she was not so popular abroad. Like other Americans since, he may have lost some degree of favor with his countrymen, but this decline has been overstated. Possibly if he had waited for better days, and come to us like Mark Twain in the fullness of his fame, that fame would have been all the more endorsed. As it is, time is catching up with him and doing justice more and more to his achievement in many fields: in the lyric and the parody, in the manipulation of dialect and genre, in a breadth of outlook second to none among his countrymen, and in the preëminence of his genius as a writer of short stories. But it is his sovereign gift of humor that makes him unapproachable; and we have outlived the day when a Glasgow professor in a treatise on American literature could scout nine tenths of its humor as an affair of machine-made hyperbole or mirth by recipe and prescription.

Humor is always in opposition where McSnagsby and his class are in power; it has therefore to remain content on the cross-benches, with its inseparable ally, Humanity. And Bret Harte was a high priest of both.

THE VICTORIANS IN PERSPECTIVE[1]

BY E. M. NICHOLSON

From the *Edinburgh Review, October*
(British Critical and Literary Quarterly)

In world-history the Victorian Age is seen as the period when the slow reaction against the immaterialism of the Middle Ages was brought suddenly to its logical conclusion through the perfecting, almost simultaneously, of many different lines of research in natural science. Unfortunately this fruition coincided with a severe reaction against the political ideals and free morality of the previous generation — a generation more backward in substance but more advanced in spirit. The complex struggle between old theories and new facts is the essence of Victorianism.

It would be out of place here to describe at length how the new spirit of discovery and the increasing number

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and range of inquiries into natural science, together with the dissolution of Christendom resulting from the Protestant Reformation, helped to give the world an irresistible impulse toward materialism. Material arts are developed with success only in times of peace — it was their peace above all else which had made the monasteries leaders of civilization in the Middle Ages. For the same reason the new materialism advanced most in the country least distracted by foreign wars and by internal strife — England. Between the middle of the sixteenth and the middle of the eighteenth century *things* gained in importance slowly, though the world of George II had conspicuously more of them than the world of the Tudors. But broadly, it was a time of inconspicuous growth — the harvest followed immediately after.

And here the tragedy happened. From the middle of the eighteenth century until the Reform Act of 1832 the aristocracy were the absolute rulers of England. In the latter half of the eighteenth century they were cultivated and very liberal; they seemed made to control to best advantage the colossal scientific-industrial machine which was in process of creation. But they took alarm at the ideas which generated the French Revolution, and were driven into opposition by the Reform Act. Thus the class which had been the most progressive and enlightened in the eighteenth century became a serious obstacle to development in the nineteenth.

The aristocracy was never deposed — it abdicated. The mistake its members made was in thinking that without their support the new industrialism was bound to fail, or at least to stand still, when actually it was destined to become the greatest interest of the country, whether they liked it or not. Even at the end of the eighteenth century it still seemed possible that the leadership of the movement might fall, as it ought to have fallen, to the upper instead of to the middle classes. If the vast wealth which the aristocracy possessed four or five generations ago had been thrown into industrialism instead of into land, the modern world would be a far less ugly place.

That this statement is not due to any reactionary prejudice will freely be admitted by all who know their England. For in some cases, though not in many, the nineteenth-century aristocrats did go so far toward industrialism as to develop a town, and the towns so developed — Eastbourne, by the Duke of Devonshire; Folkestone, by Lord Radnor; Bexhill, Westgate, Bedford Park — are not only indisputably the most handsome and best planned of their period, but with few exceptions the only towns of that century in England which can be said to have been planned at all. It seems tenable, then, to argue that since the finest towns which sprang up in the Victorian period were those with a single aristocratic landlord, — the more autocratic the better, — modern industrialism would have gained æsthetically, if not in mere money-making power, by the leadership of the aristocracy. The actual taking of the leadership might, even in England, have cost the aristocracy a certain amount of loss of caste; in France it would have been impossible. But there was so much elasticity among the English upper classes, whose cadets might go, as a matter of course, into trade, that only the French Revolution and the reaction it necessarily brought about can fully explain their sudden retirement from affairs.

It is the function of an aristocracy to lead the nation in everyday things, and it must to that end necessarily have the direction of the principal sources of wealth. These, until the end of the

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eighteenth century, were in England commerce and agriculture, but afterward industrialism. It was by refusing to recognize or accept this change that the old English aristocracy sealed its fate.

Not that its monopoly of land was wholly wasted. It is because the upper classes continued to own it and farm it that the English countryside still bears universally that appearance of a great garden through which it far surpasses every other countryside in the world. It is only necessary to compare the English farms, where the owners could afford to be generous, with the cheeseparing small-holdings and intensive culture of the hedgeless continent of Europe, where the lower-middle classes had their way, to realize how much of the picturesque we owe to aristocratic landlords. For before the nineteenth century England was a wild, shaggy country, as a few parts of it are still: the coastal plain of Somerset, for instance, between Bristol and Brean Down. The fields were in wide blocks, a third of them fallow, and by modern standards the whole of them poor and depressing; the woods were in dense masses. The landscape was neither much better nor much worse to look at than the richer parts of the continent. The old writers hardly ever praised English landscapes, saving their eulogies for the towns; modern writers are glad to turn their backs on the towns made hideous by industrialism, and to find relief in the country. The English countryside of the Victorian landowners is as much, and certainly as great, a work of art as the perfected architecture of the Middle Ages. It is the one achievement of the nineteenth century which rivals any of the thirteenth.

While the aristocrats sulked in the country, the leadership was allowed to fall by default to men whose only gift was enterprise, men devoid of all soul and imagination, of the type of Galsworthy's 'Superior Dosset Forsyte.' The old lords had been human beings, and without any compulsion from such things as Factory Acts they had treated their laborers and servants, on the whole, fairly well, according to their lights. But the new industrialists would not even treat their employees as slaves, regarding them instead as mere machines. And the thing which most revolts us about slavery is not so much that men should not be free, — many nominal slaves have had as much freedom as anyone who holds a fixed appointment in the modern world, — but that they should be treated as parts of a machine. It is the mass-effect that hurts. For at least a generation after the trend of industrialism had become apparent, the aristocrats did nothing. They were content to look on so long as it made the country richer. The result of this criminal negligence was that by the accession of Victoria the balance of power had actually shifted: when it came to a struggle the industrial middle classes were masters — not the landowning aristocracy. But before any conflict of interests became apparent the issue was already settled; the Forsytes were to be the rulers of England. From that time the aristocracy was doomed to extinction as well as uselessness — it is now already dying out.

The industrialism of the Victorian era was essentially a new thing, the newest thing of its importance which has come into the world for longer than we can say. Whether any human minds and wills could possibly have directed it to the best of its capabilities seems unlikely. Of the Victorian attempt at a solution it can be said only that it failed more completely than anyone — even down to Shelley's time — could have imagined it would.

It was that newness of industrialism

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and the littleness and greed of its directors which made the Victorian era the Golden Age of Missed Opportunities. If, therefore, any living Victorian or defender of the Victorians is inclined to argue that we ourselves have been known to pull down old buildings and put up worse new ones, to disfigure our countryside with hoardings, and our sky with signs in smoke, or in other ways to carry the Victorian policy to its logical end, let him bear this in mind: that the nineteenth century reached the turning, and took the wrong road; the twentieth has no choice but to follow that road and make the best of it.

The earlier Victorians seem to have been incapable of grasping the existence of a social or economic problem until it was on the point of causing a revolution. At any rate, they completely failed to realize that a period of unparalleled expansion is hardly the time to follow a die-hard policy. Confronted with such a mushroom expansion of things, they could not have hoped to do much, for the industrial monster was already outgrowing unified human control. All they actually did was to pass hand-to-mouth legislation, leaving unsolved many problems, then small enough to be grappled with, which have since grown so greatly as to threaten our existence. Their minds were too nice to thrash out subjects with such indelicate aspects as the growth of population and its control, and it is through their neglect of this dominating factor that the unemployment problem now exists, and would have existed, whether the war had been fought or not. For even in normal times depression is not unknown, and a country which persists in maintaining a population so large that only in the most prosperous circumstances can considerable distress and unemployment be avoided is certain to come to grief sooner or later.

It might have been possible to escape the Great War itself, even when the crisis came, had the opportunity been taken in those sixty idealistic years to set up some tangible and authoritative machinery to which an appeal might have been made. Until the awful warning of the Boer War the providence which looks after fools allowed their dangerous self-satisfaction to go unpunished in England, though in Germany, the seat and homeland of Victorianism, it survived in full strength, to become the principal cause of the explosion in August 1914.

The most widespread defeat of the Victorians was their artificiality. It was caused principally by the surrender of the leadership in everyday things to little men wholly out of touch with Nature. Not from malice, but simply because their sense of beauty was utterly wanting, this minority, by the ugly houses and factories it built and the ugly things it made in them, eventually so degraded the popular taste that by the middle of the Victorian Age its average level was, without exaggeration, the lowest ever known. Even the traders who pride themselves on their skill in cheating ignorant African natives by exchanging gaudy wares from Brummagem for valuable ivory have not had nearly such amazing success as the British manufacturers who in two generations degraded the taste of the whole world from the high level of the eighteenth century to the nadir of the sixties. The world has paid dearly for letting itself so easily fall into the hands of those wizened children, whose distorted minds, precocious in money-making, gave them the mastery of the industrial machine.

They were destructive, too, as uncontrolled children usually are. They found most of the older towns still picturesque and untouched; they left most of them in such a condition that the

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dozen or so in which there still survives any slight suggestion of mediævalism have made their fortunes as show-places. France still makes much of the injuries inflicted upon her in the war, but they are as nothing compared with the devastated areas of the Victorian Age. A great part of Europe will remain marred for centuries to come by the effects of that desolating peace. The beauty of Rheims was not so thoroughly destroyed by German guns as the old charm of most of our great churches by Victorian restorations. To a varying extent it was the same with almost all of them, but space will allow only one example. *The Victoria County History*, inaugurated as a memorial of the Queen and her great reign, can hardly be supposed to be prejudiced against it; yet, these are its judgments on the Victorian restorations of St. Albans Cathedral: —

> As it stands to-day, its great length and the warm tone of its ancient brickwork suffice to make it a striking and picturesque building; but not even time can ever make the new fronts of the transepts tolerable. . . . Roofs, gables, buttresses, pinnacles, windows, all are alike new, and it will be long before the cathedral church regains that look of reverend antiquity which was one of the chief charms of the abbey church a generation ago.

Long experience has accustomed us not to notice them, but the scars of the nineteenth century are uglier and far more widespread than the scars of the Great War. And while the latter are already healing, time, which makes so many things beautiful, has served only to intensify this ugliness. The battle-fields of Flanders now bear good crops once more, but the slums can produce only generation after generation of stunted minds in stunted bodies — the factory fodder that the nineteenth century industrialist needed, as surely and as regularly as he needed coal.

The Victorian Age was not inconsistent. The jarring color-schemes of the antimacassar period corresponded exactly with the unreality of its moral code. Its colors were the wrong shades; its virtues were correspondingly out of tune. Thus it made to flourish teetotalism, the distortion of temperance; prudery, its version of purity; goody-goodyness, the travesty of saintliness; and organized charities as some substitute for the world's lost kindliness. Dean Inge, in a recent article, writes of the quality which Professor Elton emphasizes in all our best literature between 1830 and 1850 — the quality of *nobleness*. In that generation we see the prevalence of an ethical, exalted, didactic temper, crossed in poetry by a passion for pure beauty.

Certainly we see it. But the worst part of hypocrisy is unconscious hypocrisy, and unconscious hypocrisy is after all simply a serious discrepancy between the subject's ostensible moral code and his actual performance. It is an accumulation of indigestible ideals, which results in a suffocation of sincerity and the loss of all sense of proportion. The type-specimens of the hypocrite are generally taken to be the Pharisees of the first century, and the fault Christ blamed most in them was their blindness in this very matter: 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.' As time goes on, the Victorian Age is likely to fall into less and less esteem. For while it lived it was protected by a halo of perhaps justifiable self-congratulation. Its inventions and discoveries had been spectacular, its adjustments of civilization revolutionary, and it had produced an amazing number of men who, but for the prevalent taint of their unnatural *Zeitgeist* would certainly have been great, and often were, in spite of it. The nobleness of their faces in the National

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Portrait Gallery is plain to everyone who can overcome his prejudices against their hairiness and their costumes. Man for man, they were giants compared with their living descendants, the celebrities of the present day.

Of the literature and music of ancient Babylon we know little; only its buildings survive in part for our judgment. And so already the Victorian Age is being judged not by its spirit, which was alien and ephemeral in the history of man, but by the works it has left permanently — the rows of villas, the Albert Memorial, the statues of its baggy-trousered reformers in the market places, and the oil paintings of its aldermen in the town halls. It certainly left an unfortunate representative collection of its works for us to judge, but if too much attention is given to these and too little to its ideals, there is no ground for complaint: by such standards must every generation judge its ancestors. And if the Victorians are pronounced hypocrites it will be principally due to that very quality of 'nobleness' in their literature which Dean Inge praises, for while the precepts they instilled so constantly and so crudely were the most exalted by their standards that had ever been taught, the level of their actual performance in everyday things is the poorest and lowest that has ever been touched. In the midst of that gulf between avowed moral intention and miserably patent moral failure stands the whole of hypocrisy.

But it would be wrong not to point out here how much of their hypocrisy was due to the breach — which has previously been explained — between the aristocracy and the industrial classes, the nominal rulers of England and the real. As a result of this breach it became an absolute necessity for anyone who wished to reach the upper layers of society to disclaim at the peril of his soul any connection with 'trade' or the disgraceful practice of having earned his own living outside the handful of recognized careers. By imitation, this hypocrisy sank down in time as low as the third-rate boarding houses of long-forgotten spas — in fact, exactly as low as it was tenable.

And yet more hypocrisy was thrust upon the Victorians by the exacting service of two rival gods — Science and the Church. To disbelieve the one was to be out of date; to disbelieve the other entailed social ostracism, and so it was necessary to pretend to believe in both, avoiding always the fact that they were contradictory.

Victorian literature, perhaps undervalued now, was certainly overpraised in its own time. But it is wrong to say that it was too moral. All art and literature ought to be moral; if they are not there is no meaning in them. The trouble was not that the moral was there, but that it was often an immoral one, and nearly always so ludicrously hammered-in as to defeat its own ends. After stying the working classes in dreary rows of hovels it was absolute blasphemy to sing: —

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate —
> God made them high or lowly,
> And ordered their estate.

The industrial classes were alone responsible, but it salved their consciences to lay the blame on God. And regarded simply as a moral tale for boys, *Stalky and Co.* — which, I am not ignorant, was actually written before the end of Queen Victoria's reign — is incomparably more valuable than *Eric, or Little by Little.*

One further example of artificiality is shown in the passion the Victorians had for the simplification of history by taking 'landmarks.' Thus English liberty had to be dated from the day of Magna Carta exactly; the Black Death

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had to be bolstered up into a full-dress rehearsal of the end of the world; the Middle Ages had to close like the banging of a door. Such mathematically exact chronology was historically as wrong as it could be. This artificiality made them amazingly aloof from the history of mankind. Pick up a book four generations old, one of Jane Austen's, for instance, and you find it reasonably modern in outlook; and so with another, two centuries old or even three. One must go back to pre-Reformation days to find a story so old-fashioned as the average novel of sixty years ago.

The disease from which the Victorians suffered to an almost incredible degree was the same as that which in its individual form is best known to psychoanalysts. It is described as a failure to make the necessary psychological adjustments to altered outward conditions, and the victim of it is continually acting on a whole series of hypotheses which have either ceased to be true or never were so, thereby involving himself in a nightmare on a bewildering scale. Because his own assumptions and prejudices are wrong, the whole world seems to him to have gone mad, leaving him, as he thinks, the only sane person. But there is, unfortunately, this difference between the personal and the universal disease: in the first case the sufferer must make good himself; but in the second, it is left for succeeding generations to repair the damage. Hence the Victorian obsession that their age was incomparably the finest and most advanced that had ever existed. Even Dean Inge feels that he would be more comfortable arguing from Victorian premises than the modern kind.

An underlying part of the unwritten Victorian philosophy was rather rashly given away by 'Mark Rutherford' in one of his letters (1897): —

> There is so much unaccountable, undeserved misery in the world, that I find the only thing to be done is not to think about it. . . . We must simply be silent, and not only be silent, but refuse to reflect upon the subject; and we must busy ourselves rather with what is productive of quiet content and joy. Every moment wasted on insoluble problems is so much taken from time which might be spent in the absorption of sunlight.

They must have spent a good deal of time in absorbing sunlight, those Victorians. It remains for their descendants to cope with the disorders they allowed to spring up like weeds in the meantime.

There are many methods of changing the order of things, but the best of them is humor. Dickens employed it against them on a large scale, though his attacks were on particular abuses, and in spirit he himself was thoroughly Victorian. But there has never been such a magically effective onslaught as the series of comic operas by which W. S. Gilbert attacked and overcame Victorianism in the very country where it was, outwardly at least, most widespread and successful. Quite seriously, Gilbert may be regarded as the greatest man of his age. He had the imagination to see the humor in Victorianism and the genius to present it irresistibly to the victims, who were at once released from its spell.

The Victorian Age was not the first dream the world has had — the Crusades, at least, made another; but it was probably the first nightmare. The *Zeitgeist* of any generation, however artificial, is yet only a frail drapery over the humanity which is the common factor of all, and the farther an age has strayed from the track the more rudely must it be dragged back again. If it be asked, which is the track and how it is to be known, the answer is: the imaginary line made by linking together in chronological order all the

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classics. For it is the essence of a classic that it spells out the spirit not of a particular age but of humanity, and, in fact, it is for that simple reason that so few classics are recognized by the contemporaries of their author. Classics are the highest expression of that common factor of humanity, and so the true classics, being true in all ages, give us the direction of that track by which progress may be measured.

Gilbert did his work well, but the vehicle he chose has prevented any general recognition of the work he was doing. It is necessary to reread his libretto in this light to realize how packed it is with the expression of his purpose. Even in the recent *Life and Letters*, by Rowland Grey and Sidney Dark, he is treated as an ordinary playwright first, though it is mentioned in a rather offhand way that the key to his character is to be found — as it undoubtedly is — in Jack Point's well-known song in *The Yeomen of the Guard:* —

> When they're offered to the world in merry guise,
> Unpleasant truths are swallowed with a will;
> For he who'd make his fellow creatures wise
> Should always gild the philosophic pill!

We are awake again now, with an awakeness that is quite in keeping with a depressing morning after a tantalizing nightmare. We are in a position to look back and see how man has offered to run a race with things — and is losing it.

Strands of telegraph wire and even currents of free air have turned ambassadors, who used to be almost kings, into mere messengers; masses of fictitious money and sheets of cheap newspaper securely block the way to power for all but the most petty type of politician; the accumulating mass of laws and habits and organizations oppresses us, to all seeming, beyond escape. We may look on the Victorians as wildfowl who were lured into the broad, inviting mouth of the decoy, and ourselves as those farther down who have seen, as they could not see, its ominous narrowing.

The Victorians had the solid Forsyte virtues as well as the Forsyte faults: they were respectable in the good sense as well as the bad; they had stability and a half-vanished sense of integrity, for the loss of which the world will be the worse. They had still enough beliefs left to help them toward an almost indescribable sureness of themselves. We are anchorless, and if that spells freedom it means also danger and a universal uncertainty and chaos.

Actually a large part of the Victorian atmosphere cannot be grasped without fully realizing how large a part beliefs still played in it; for the more we find out the less we know. Even long after the *Origin of Species* was published the average Victorian not merely believed but *knew* that God had created Adam and Eve; that everyone on earth was descended from them; that Providence ruled all things for the best; and that every man who was good would go to heaven. In fact, the average Victorian knew everything worth knowing: we know nothing. The more complicated theories of light, heat, and sound may be clearer to us; we may have discovered a thousand more ways of making wheels and currents do the work of men, but we have no idea now where man came from nor — what is more important — where he is likely to go to. We have no longer any criterion by which to judge what is right and what wrong; all the heights to which a man might look up are tumbled down and there remain only the things under our feet — wheels, belts, pistons, currents, propellers, all working very intricately and well, as machinery should, but quite useless for our guidance.

But the thing which we shall soon be envying the Victorian most of all is the

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knowledge that he was a man, a human being with a soul to save. That belief was worth the whole world.

Biologists delve with accursed skill deeper and deeper into the relation between body and mind, tracing love and activity to a secreted fluid, and thought to the re-shuffling of cells within the brain. Psychoanalysts produce their quack mystery in order to have the pleasure of asserting that we are more bestial than the monkeys, from whom Darwin traced our descent. The true psychologists add a third prong to the new Morton's Fork. They tell us that though we may flatter ourselves that we are responsible for our actions, we are, in fact, liable to have our opinions changed on vital matters by the furnishings of the room in which we happen to be when any subject is broached. Whichever prong we choose, we are impaled. Logically, relentlessly, the argument narrows down: if these things are so, then men are not responsible for their actions; therefore, a criminal, not being able to avoid his crime, can hardly be said to be guilty of it, for guilt implies choice; consequently it is unjust to inflict any punishment on him. And when the theory of justice is gone, civilization can stand upright no longer; the wheel has come full circle and the battle is to the strong.

If these things are so, we must regard the Victorian Age of transition as the latest generation in which a thinking man could regard himself as a man in the old sense of the word — a human being possessing a soul, belonging to a different world from the brutes, and entirely able to control his own actions. And on the larger scale of affairs of State the Victorian Age was the last when the rulers might actually rule, when a personality still counted for enough to change the currents of history. To-day the civilization-machine sweeps on, resistless and unchangeable as the law of gravity itself, and as the pace increases by progression, the attempts of one man or another to direct it grow more and more patently useless. In 1870 there were still personalities to ride the tempest; by 1914 the clash could come of its own unthinking volition, and the storm-tossed individuals whose misfortune it was to be the nominal rulers of Europe at that moment show up as ineffectively as a knot of railway porters when two expresses collide at full speed in their station. If only it were credible that the Jews, or the newspaper magnates, or the international financiers, really were responsible, then we might still believe in the power, not perhaps of one man, but at least of a small group of men, actually to rule the world in the sense that it once could be ruled.

The Victorian philosophy very conveniently confused comfort with goodness. Even now Dean Inge, writing on the Victorian Age, can set out to prove that it was a better time than ours by showing that it was certainly a more comfortable one. In that quality of comfort we may grant the Victorians to have been foremost among the generations which have ever lived. The all-round comfort of mind and body enjoyed by the possessors of Victorian country houses has never been equaled before, and seems hardly likely to be reached again. But their ease is a quality which we must leave future generations to appreciate in the Victorians, for it was gained largely by their busying themselves rather with what was 'productive of quiet content' — at the expense of their descendants. And those always best enjoy a banquet who are not called in to clear up after its ending.

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JAMAICA SUPERSTITIONS

BY P. M. SHERLOCK

From the *Empire Review, November*
(London Public-Affairs Monthly)

'You will be just in time to see the Durbar,' said a gentleman to one of my friends, about to leave England in 1911 for the West Indies.

Enterprising schoolboys have imagined that Jamaica was a suburb of Timbuktu, or a mountain peak in Hindustan, or a river in Mexico. The last would have been nearest the mark, for the name given to this land by the old Arawak Indians was 'Xaymaca,' the land of wood and water. Only one in a hundred knows that Jamaica is the largest of the British West Indian islands, occupying an important strategic position about six hundred miles to the north of the Panama Canal.

'And what is the island like?' asked Ferdinand of Columbus in 1493. The explorer, in reply, crumpled up his historic scrap of paper and showed it to the Spanish king. That is the best picture of the island: —

High are the peaks and shadow-gloomed and vast;
Profound the valleys where the torrents dash.

Yet the main interest of Jamaica lies not in its scenery, nor in its historic associations, although these abound. For in these waters of the Caribbean Drake's body suffered

a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

On these shores Nelson landed, and in this earth Benbow lies buried. No! the main interest of Jamaica lies not in these memories, but in its peasantry.

Twentieth-century civilization exists alongside a backward state of society; growth seems to have been too fast, and development forced, and the product is a jumble of curious contrasts. The people, while nominally Christian, retain the customs and superstitions of the past. Some have been conspicuous for the courage with which they have maintained their convictions; others have revealed the cunning natural to weak and superstitious natures.

Some of the local stories reveal these characteristics well. The hero of these stories is 'Bredda Anancy,' a queer compound of duplicity and cunning, and the tales told about him reveal ingenuity and wit. Let me attempt to put one of these adventures down on paper. It begins with the ancient formula.

Once upon a time, Brother Anancy was standing at the crossroads early in the morning, when he saw some birds come walking past.

'Hallo, Bredda Pigeon,' he cried, 'where are you going?'

'Well, Bredda Anancy, I going to de islands where de duckunu trees grow.' ['Duckunu' is a sort of pudding made by the people.]

'Take me with you, Bredda Pigeon.'

'All right Anancy, but how you goin' to get over? You have to fly, you know.'

'Yes, me know, but if you tell all de birds dat each one must len' me a feather, an' you stick dem on me, den I will fly over wid you.'

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This was done, and the journey was successfully made. But when the birds were ready to leave the duckunu tree, having had their fill, Bredda Anancy refused to join them. A gourmand, he kept on the tree in spite of the petitions and threats of the birds. At last, their patience worn out, they took away their feathers from Anancy and flew away home. Then did he awake to the gravity of his position. Marooned, what could he do? Picking up from the ground a twig, he broke it in two and threw the pieces into the sea, where they floated.

'A'right,' he said. 'You can swim; me can swim too.' And, nothing daunted by the distance, he jumped in, bearing on his shoulders a bag filled with the precious duckunus for which he had risked his life.

As Anancy bravely swam along he saw Bredda Crocodile waiting for him, with great jaws wide-opened to receive him.

'Hello, Bredda Crocodile, what a long time since I see you! How you and yo' wife an' de children do? I come all dis way out here to look fe you, an' I bring dis gift fe you.'

Then artful Anancy produced his bag, and the pacified Crocodile said: 'Thank yo', Bredda Anancy. Come down to de house and meet me wife an' de children. Dem don't hatch out yet, but you would be glad to see dem.'

'Yes, Bredda Crocodile, t'ank yo' kindly, I will come down wid you.'

And down they went. After supper, Anancy was shown to his room.

'See, Bredda Anancy, you will sleep in de same room with de eggs. Be careful wid dem, for dey will soon hatch.'

There were ten eggs in the room, and Anancy surveyed them with great interest. In the mid of night he rose and approached the eggs. Should he eat just one? The temptation was too great, even though there was no Eve present. He took up the nearest egg, cracked it softly, and, heedless of its advanced age, proceeded to devour the contents. Just then Bredda Crocodile's voice boomed out: 'Say, Bredda Anancy, what is dat noise I hear?'

'Oh, it's all right, Bredda Crocodile, I'se only turning de eggs for you.'

In the end, the insatiable Anancy devoured nine of the eggs. In the morning the eggs had to be washed, and when Mrs. Crocodile announced her intention of proceeding with the necessary duty, Anancy, a suddenly polite chevalier, offered to do it for her. When she consented he took out the one egg, washed it in view of everyone, and carried it to the room. There he proceeded to rub it over with dust. Having soiled it he carried it out again, washed it and took it back. This he did ten times, so that it looked as if he had really washed the ten eggs. Then came breakfast, and after he had eaten, Anancy boarded the boat which had been made ready to take him to land. It was manned by two stalwart fishes, King-fish and Tarpon. These rowed quickly along and were soon in sight of land.

But, alas, Mrs. Crocodile had in the meantime discovered her loss. The enraged father, the bereaved mother, bellowed to the boatman to bring Anancy back. But as the unrepentant murderer was not engaged in rowing he was the first to hear the cry, and he began himself to make as much noise in the boat as he could.

'Hark!' cried King-fish. 'Bredda Crocodile is saying something. What is it, Bredda Anancy?'

In the distance came the cry: 'Bring back Anancy! Bring back Anancy!'

'He says you must row to land quick, because a storm is coming,' said the resourceful cannibal.

So he reached land safely. There he produced the bag which had contained

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the duckunus, but which was now empty.

'Well, Bredda Tarpon, I wonder if you can do de bag-dance?'

'No, Bredda Anancy, me can't do de bag-dance, although me can do de shimmy. What's it?'

'I will show you. You and King-fish just hold de bag for me.'

In Anancy jumped and danced away. Then, having come out, he said: 'It's fine; you try it, Tarpon. And as it's two of you, you try it too, King-fish; you will have more fun if it's two of you.'

Both Tarpon and King-fish, nothing loath, jumped in and began to dance, whereon Anancy quickly closed the bag, tied it, and returned home safe and sound, bearing his booty with him.

Such is one story. There are many others, some marred, unfortunately, by coarseness. And all are in praise of Anancy and his cunning.

The people themselves are often witty, and can employ sarcasm with good effect. On one occasion, a mule 'stuck' in the middle of the busiest street in the capital, Kingston. Obdurate it remained in spite of the utmost efforts of the owner. First he tried beating it, but in disgust he gave that up for coaxing. Still the mule declined to move. At last he had recourse to sarcasm: 'Ah, horse, you da form? Yo' nu membah say you puppa men jackass?' which, being interpreted, is: 'Oh, so you are pretending to be a horse, are you? You don't remember that your father was a donkey?'

There is a great school for practice in such caustic wit in the markets and on the public streets. One woman insults another and is promptly degraded from 'lady' to 'female.' A stranger to the island would probably be embarrassed by the method of salutation common to the women on their way home from the fields. In return for his modest and chaste 'Good afternoon' comes a chorus of 'How de do, me dear'; 'Well, me sweetheart,' 'Howdy, me darling'; phrases which have become the accepted formula. But pass them without salutation, and endearments are replaced by imprecations, and your cherished reputation is ruthlessly destroyed. 'Him have no manners,' or 'Lawks, missis, I never see a buckra-massa stan so bad yet!' and so on, ad infinitum.

Their shop signs, too, provide cause for much merriment. One man proudly declares that he is the 'Only artistic shoemaker,' while another boasts: 'Chair-seats cained here.' Over that small store is a warning that corn and 'aminy' (hominy) are for sale. Yonder is a cheering notice to inform us that in the case of sudden death there are 'ready-made coffins for sale' and that the owner has an 'elegant hearse for hire.'

In the daily paper, too, there will appear many notices to divert the reader. Some gay wife forsakes her husband. Five years later he wakes up to the fact that he wishes to marry again, and so he publishes something of this sort: —

TAKE NOTICE

This is to warn the general public that my wife, Jocilda James, having left my care and protection five years ago, I intend to get married again.

Poems in strange metres and quaint verses are occasionally seen, such as this tribute to a relative who had died: —

Modest little Daisy bloomed by the garden wall
Away from the other flowers, giving joy to all.
The Master of the garden, desiring a flower,
Plucked the loved one from the stem
And left the stalk to mourn.

The word 'trust' is often used. Pushcarts bear the pious exhortation to 'Trust in God.' The word often means 'credit,' and a notice tells in-

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tending customers: 'We trust God and no one else.'

Yes! there is much for laughter among these people, and the passer-by or the stranger in their gates may not understand or appreciate them. Yet they are sound of heart and true friends. To the man who wins their love they are ever staunch.

But there is another side, too, for along with sincere piety there exist superstitious practices. And what practices! In far-off Africa the tribal god is a being of evil who seeks to harm humanity. He must be placated by sacrifice with unholy and weird rites. If smallpox stalks through the village, it is the doing of the god. If some private individual suffers a misfortune, it is the god or some spirit whose aid has been secured by an unknown enemy. So in Jamaica. Idolatry may be unknown; fetishism is absent; but the witch doctor is present, despite the law, in the shape of the obeah man, and evil beliefs persist in spite of a hundred years of Christian teaching.

The fear, too, of 'duppy' (a ghost) is deep-rooted. If I wish to protect my field from thieves, the natural thing to do is to go to the obeah man, pay the fee, and obtain a potent medicine which I take home in triumph and in fear. Then, having secured a long bamboo, I tie to it a red flag and doctor it with the medicine. Stuck up in a corner of the field, that pole is more effective than a squadron of cavalry or a division of artillery. All the powers of Hell, at the bidding of the obeah man, are guarding my field and the most audacious will not dare to break through and steal. Not one would think of emulating Ulysses and the craven theft of the Palladium from the temples of old Troy by carrying off the pole from the unguarded grounds.

The spirits are everywhere, and are always waiting, always watching, to do harm. I have met a woman on the roads with her baby and have said to her: 'What a pretty baby! You must feel quite proud of it.'

'No, sir, it's not a pretty baby at all, it's an ugly bad baby.' And the neighbors chime in: 'Yes, it's an ugly baby.'

Why? I later learned the reason. The duppies are always near, always listening, and, if they hear that it's an ugly child, they will leave it, but if they hear that it is pretty, then they will take it away or cause it to fall ill and die. 'The duppy will take it!'

The new gardener came in to-day with one trouser-leg rolled up. We asked him the reason, and he only laughed, but from the way in which he laughed we knew that there was something wrong, and the faithful old nurse or 'Nana' told us later on that trousers so worn would keep off the duppy. Another perfect charm is a rag tied around the leg midway between knee and ankle.

There is an interesting practice also which reminds us of the origin of burning incense in churches. In the dim days of long ago, I have read, the priests burned herbs and powders at the sacrifice because the smell kept off the evil spirits, and the practice has persisted, although the reason has changed. Out here, however, the belief still holds good that the smell from certain herbs will drive away the duppy. A friend relates an incident illustrating this. Her brother lay dying, and on entering the room she noticed a sound of scratching underneath the bed. Looking down she saw a girl with some leaves in her hand.

'What are you doing there, Mary?'

'Please, missis, I going to burn dis to frighten away de duppy dat dey set on old Master.'

While living up in the mountains of the west, I heard of a practice which I had never suspected. A man had died, and at his burial an obeah man came

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down to plant the grave. Amid great ceremony and the mumbling of many charms, he planted a yam in the freshly dug earth. This done, the duppy would never be free to leave the grave and roam about the earth. Unless this precaution is taken the ghost is free on the ninth night after burial.

This night is one of great importance and is celebrated by the deceased man's friends. Then takes place that festivity common to funerals in Yorkshire, but far more barbaric. Across the silence of the night float snatches of hymns. The leader yells away in monotonous tones, and the party take up the chorus, keeping time with swaying bodies and with nodding heads. Seen out in the country, in the open, the scene is infinitely suggestive of mysteries and savage ceremonies. In Africa it is common for singers and dancers to produce a sort of trance or intoxicated state by the regular swaying of the body, beating of the hands, and monotonous chanting of a refrain. The same thing may be seen here, and it needs no effort of the imagination for the hidden spectator to fancy himself away in the depths of primeval forests, looking on at the secret meeting of some ancient tribe. 'The tumult and the shouting dies' with the coming of the dawn, and the 'wake' is at an end.

Later, walking along the road by the grave, the traveler, overtaken by the night, hears behind him a peculiar noise; the marrow chills in his bones, his hair stands on end. It is the duppy coming behind him. On no account must he look behind; and so, stooping down, he makes a cross in the dust, and passes on. The ghost, delayed by that sign, leaves off the pursuit. Naturally, only the believer hears these noises, sees these sights. Where one man sees a perfectly harmless white cat another will distinguish the ghost of some departed person.

But what of the obeah man and his doings? Let me attempt an account, based on a case heard in a court of law but a short while ago. One of the actors shall be the groom John. His wife is sick and he feels sure that somebody has set duppy on her. Therefore, he sets off to the obeah man's house. Solitary amid the trees it stands, and, as he approaches in the gloom of evening, his heart beats high. A dog barks, and the obeah man, Ebenezer, calls out 'Who is there?'

John replies: 'I want to see you, sir.'

'Come in, stranger,' and John enters a room in which there are all the paraphernalia of the trade: yabbas, three crosses, glasses, blue bottles, black bottles, crowbars and iron bars covered with red and black cloth, basins and powders and liquids, human bones and a skull. The help of the obeah man is secured for the next night.

At the appointed time, having heard of what was forward, I secreted myself in the next room and awaited developments. There are two lamps burning in the room, while on the bed lies John's wife, tossing and restless. There are stealthy movements outside, and John enters the room with Ebenezer, who approaches the woman, feels her pulse and says: 'John, is your wife stiff in the legs?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, John, there are two ghosts on her, and they have been on so long they have become chronic. Her heart is beating three degrees above normal. It's a bad case, but I will fix her.'

And now the process of exorcism proceeds. Taking up a bag of rice from the table, Ebenezer walks to the door and throws handfuls of the grain into the yard.

'Look!' he cries. 'Look how the spirits are feeding on the rice.'

Then he takes up a whistle, blows three shrill blasts, and says: 'Go, spirit,

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go! I catch all of them, I? Yes, one, two, three, and five, I catch all of them.'

Having said this he proceeds to question John, who stands there more like a disembodied spirit than a man.

'Have you ever taken her to the doctor's?'

'Yes, sir, I took her to several.'

'Poor man, you have spent a lot of money, but you have not spent it with the right man.'

Then he goes again to the patient, examines her, and says: 'I hear something foam inside her like you squeeze soda and lime.'

The credulous John breaks in: 'Can you do anything for her?'

'Yes, man, I have caught the ghosts already. You remember that I said: "One — two — three — four — five"? That was when I called them to me. Now I am going to give you six tablets for your wife. Give her two in the morning, two at midday, two in the evening. Does she eat much rice?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then don't let her eat any more, for it encourages the ghosts, and they feed on it. Come for a bottle of medicine tomorrow. It will cost sixteen shillings in addition to the fee of sixty shillings. When you come, bring some of that burnt candle with you, and be sure to leave a candle burning in the room.'

So the obeah man goes away. Poor John! The savings of weeks gone in a night. The fee will be paid, for is not the obeah man master of body and soul? John will go hungry, the children's clothes will be unmended, debts will be contracted, but the fee will be paid. The best that can be said for this obeah man is that he knew a trifle more about his business than that fellow practitioner who was summoned to see a man suffering from the stomach-ache. He carefully examined the patient and then gave it as his opinion that duppies had put salt water inside his stomach, and so it was roaring like the ocean.

How break this evil? Only by the continued activity of the Christian Church; and, behind all, the constant interest of the mother country in these far-off sons and daughters. Subject to superstition many of them still are. But many are also capable of great courage, as they proved during the war in Flanders, in Egypt, and in Palestine.

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ANATOLE FRANCE

From the *Times Literary Supplement, October* 16
(London Weekly)

One day, when by the rules of the game he should, as critic of the *Temps*, have been giving a judicial estimate of Renan's *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, Anatole France was moved to tell his readers about the family Bible of his childhood. It was a seventeenth-century treasure, with engravings that showed Paradise as a Dutch landscape. There Eve in opulent Flemish beauty, and the beasts of the field as plump and trim as if they had issued from a well-tended farmyard, basked in the eye of the celestial Graybeard. '*Comme je croyais en lui!*' The child, poring half sleepily in the lamplight over the tranquil scene, had his philosophy. He trusted in the universal infallibility of men and things. He held that everything was reasonable in the world, and that such a huge concern must be seriously conducted. '*C'en est fait,*' sighs the critic, adding, '*L'homme moderne, lui aussi, a déchiré sa vieille Bible en estampes.*'

In this regret, forming the undertone to all that he wrote, lies the secret of Anatole France's charm. It draws the sting from his irony, wins indulgence for his frailties, lights the tender gleam that falls through the cloud of his pessimism. It is tempting to ask what bent France might have taken had he not grown up in the epoch of disillusion and come to his prime in the epoch of defeat. The question is idle, and perhaps meaningless. M. Bergeret held that one age was like another. '*Les hommes furent jadis ce qu'ils sont à présent, c'est à dire médiocrement bons et médiocrement mauvais.*' Perhaps; but it is hard to think that a nature like Anatole France's, of which the essence was receptivity, would not have been happier in more benign surroundings.

Driven from his naïve Eden into the inhospitable climate formed by the materialistic and despairing philosophy of the sixties and seventies, he took the impress of his environment. There were strains, too, in his disposition that responded sensitively enough to the negations of Taine and Flaubert, and to the defiant paganism of the Parnassian poets, his first models. *Les désirs de Jean Servien*, that harsh and bitter work, the taste of which he could not sweeten by rewriting it in maturer life, when he had learned the balm of irony, shows how fierce the craving of the senses was in France's youth, how cruel the torment of yearnings rebuffed and thwarted. He who felt himself pent, as if in one of Poe's fantastic torture-cells, within the *flammantia mœnia mundi* — the flaming ramparts of the visible — needed no prolonged dialectic to be convinced that metaphysics were a mere diversion of the spirit. What knowledge could be gained of supramundane realms when the very terms describing them were but dim shadows drawn from the urgent world of sense?

Equally small need of formal argument was there to prove that we cannot reach an objective standard in art or in ethics. Feeling is enough to assure us that '*Nous sommes enfermés dan notre personne comme dans une prison*

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perpétuelle.' The acuity of France's sensations could not allow him to forget for an hour his certitude that we see the world only through our senses, which deform and color it at their will.

This tyranny of sense is the key to those features in Anatole France's work which a keen critic, M. Michaut, treats as weaknesses. Limitations they certainly are; but it is a great merit in an artist to know his own limitations. France, it is said, lacked creative imagination. He did not in fact believe that imagination could create. As a loyal disciple of Condillac and Hume, he held that man is absolutely incapable of imagining what he has neither seen nor heard nor felt nor tasted. The function of imagination is not to create but to assemble ideas. Measure France by this, his own, standard, and how rich was his achievement! He poured into the foundry of his art the memories of his own life for the Pierre Nozière tetralogy; the fruits of long philosophic studies for *Le jardin d'épicure;* the society of his time for the *Histoire contemporaine* series; the history of France for *L'Île des pingouins*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, and *Les dieux ont soif;* the record of eighteenth-century vagabondage and alchemy for the adventures of Jacques Tournebroche and his tutor, the Abbé Jérôme Coignard; and, most amply of all, the annals of those first Christian centuries which haunted him perpetually with the blended majesty of dying paganism and the rising Church, and to the sumptuous contrasts of which we owe *Les noces Corinthiennes*, *Le procurateur de Judée*, *Thaïs*, and *Sur la pierre blanche*.

Those who enter with fitting humility this immense storehouse of ordered scholarship, for France never writes as one who has 'got up' a period or a subject, will feel no uneasiness at the evidences (which could be multiplied even beyond M. Michaut's industry) of his having borrowed as freely from literature as from life in building his books. He actually wrote an *Apologie pour le plagiat*, but his practice of it was a finer vindication than his theory. What smart has the charge to a philosopher who denies the possibility of novelty?

The same appeal to first principles answers the complaint that France's books lack construction. So, he might say, does the universe. Life works up to no satisfying climaxes; it meanders, hesitates, breaks off abruptly or returns upon itself *da capo* like his stories. It is a dance of atoms in the void; and each atom is a microcosm, just as each of France's short tales contains no less completely than his longest novel the full gamut of his genius. Nor is it surprising that he should give all each time, for he has only one thing to give — himself. That vast wealth of observation and learning goes to deck a few themes, a few masks. But the author never promised anything different. He is unwrung by the detection of the same smiling skeptic in the wreath of the pagan philosopher Nicias, in the soiled bands of the Abbé Coignard, in the frayed sleeves of the provincial professor, M. Bergeret, in the infirm armchair of the greenroom practitioner, '*le docteur Socrate*,' and in the purple *redingote* of the *ci-devant* farmer-general, Brotteaux des Illettes, with its sagging pocket from which the Lucretius projects. *On ne sort jamais de soi-même.*

A bleak philosophy, then, of eternal recurrence and eternal futility? It seems that in certain moods — in the last pages, for instance, of *L'Île des pingouins*; but those moods are transient. The deepest spirit of Anatole France speaks rather in the saying that, however terrifying the emptiness of life, a flower is sometimes enough to fill it. Not a flower only, but all flowers; and trees, too, whether in their glory of foliage and blossom, or displaying

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their winter tracery, like *le petit acacia* that consoled M. Bergeret, nodding to him over the wall, on that black New Year's day when he went out to pay his respects to the odious *doyen*, and came home to find his wife in the arms of his favorite pupil. He who is *sage*, who does not demand of life what life never can give, finds consolation at every turn of his pilgrimage — a caprice of sunshine in an old street, a glimpse (if no more may be hoped) of a beautiful woman, a well-cooked dish, a line of poetry, a comparison of ideas, a legend of the saints, the savor of mortal goodness and mortal absurdity. France would not have these rivulets of natural joy befouled and trampled by a raucous pessimism.

Il est sur la terre [he wrote in his resentment at Zola's picture of the French peasantry] *des formes magnifiques et des nobles pensées; il est des âmes pures et des cœurs heroïques. M. Zola ne le sait pas. Bien des faiblesses même, bien des erreurs et des fautes ont leur beauté touchante. La douleur est sacrée. La sainteté des larmes est au fond de toutes les religions. Le malheur suffirait à rendre l'homme auguste à l'homme. M. Zola ne le sait pas. Il ne sait pas que les grâces sont décentes, que l'ironie philosophique est indulgente et douce, et que les choses humaines n'inspirent que deux sentiments aux esprits bien faits: l'admiration ou la pitié. M. Zola est digne d'une profonde pitié.*

But if there is loss in muckraking, there may be danger in aspiring to the clouds. One of France's most characteristic figures is a certain seminarist who is expelled for displaying '*un esprit tranquillement indocile.*' It was a spirit which his creator judged to be a rare safeguard. Even more than Renan, and with less apparent reason, is France preoccupied with the Church; there is scarcely a detail of its history, its legends, its rites, and even its theology upon which he fails to dwell, it would seem with delight. And yet it was he who in a splenetic mood denounced Catholicism as '*l'antique exterminatrice de toute pensée, de toute science et de toute joie.*' A plausible explanation of the paradox is that he was attracted merely by the pageantry with which the Church enthralls the senses of those who watch and listen from the porch without trusting themselves across the threshold. 'He admires,' wrote James Huneker, 'the golden filigree of the ciborium; its spiritual essence escapes him. He stands at the portals of Paradise; there he lingers. He stoops to some rare and richly colored feather . . . but he will not listen to the whirring of the wings from which it has fallen.'

ANATOLE FRANCE AT SIXTY
(Sketch by Paul Renouard in *L'Illustration*)

But it is hard to believe that there was any form of spiritual beauty, and especially of Christian spirituality, which eluded Anatole France. A certain quarrel between the senses and the Church there was; yet M. Jérôme Coignard had seen in that just a rock to steer round, no reason for turning rebel. But the joyous Abbé was (as you care to read it) too profound or too shallow, too humble or too brutish, to entertain an '*esprit tranquillement indocile.*' The Abbé's maker, on the contrary,

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was the more confirmed in the resolve not to be the slave (as he would have felt himself) of any dogma, from his observation that these slaves were apt in their turn to become tyrants.

France has even in view, one might say, the fable of the dog and the reflection. It is rash, he holds, to forfeit any succulent morsel of enjoyment dropped by destiny in mortal paths for the enlarged image in the fugitive stream. Nor is it only the theologian, in France's judgment, but the moralist, the statesman, the conqueror, who pursue their grandiose mirages at the cost of the humble happiness of unimportant people. Unimportant people, too, especially if they have reason to think their own intelligence far from despicable, get bored sometimes with hearing the superiorities of the great and celebrated. Then they find a not wholly disinterested satisfaction in reducing the 'vulgar grandeur' of Napoleon to its right proportions, as is cuttingly done in *Le lys rouge*, or in writing two large volumes to vindicate the thesis that Jeanne d'Arc was but a *sainte mascotte*.

History, when all is said, is but an 'irremediable incertitude,' and fame a jest of the Fates. In the best known of all France's short stories we are shown Pontius Pilate in querulous old age, complaining that, though Rome never had a more hard-working provincial governor, yet even his reputation is not sure with posterity. As for political notoriety, behold in *Les dieux ont soif* the old woman in Paris on the day of Marat's murder inquiring anxiously of the crowd if it is really true that M. Mara, the curé of Saint Pierre de Queyroix, has been assassinated. Renown is an illusion. '*Les peuples*,' remarks M. Bergeret, '*ont tant souffert, au long des siècles, de leur grandeur et de leur prospérité, que je conçois qu'ils y renoncent*.'

Pity for the inarticulate victims of the social mechanism was a growing passion in the soul of France, who loved simplicity above all virtues, and was enraged at the woes of a Crainquebille or a Pied-d'Alouette, enduring like dumb, unresentful oxen the arbitrary injustices of policemen, magistrates, and judges. It was perhaps the only passion that could dull his sense of irony; even M. Bergeret grows credulous, and a trifle prosy, in predicting the Socialist millennium that is to swallow up these wrongs. But if there was one evangelical maxim that France had at heart, it was *Beati pauperes spiritu*. As he venerated the poor tramp who bore no rancor against the authorities for detaining him long months on empty suspicion of murder and confiscating his one possession, his knife, or the uncouth serving girl at the Bergerets' who wept at leaving a harsh mistress and an indifferent master; so he loved the mild Negro slave who made a Christian of the child Thaïs, and the sweetly credulous mother of Jacques, the turnspit. His indulgence stretched even to the criminals in the hell of their solitary confinement; he preferred the noisome public prisons of the Middle Ages, where the charitable were at least allowed to visit the captives. More than once in his books we are invited to pause and listen at some requiem to that stanza of the *Dies Iræ* which, as often as heard, almost shakes him from his skeptical serenity: —

Qui latronem exaudisti,
Et Mariam absolvisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Who can forget the idealized Verlaine of *Le lys rouge*, the Bohemian Choulette with his candor and worldlessness?

There is just one type of ecclesiastic at whom France laughs without scorn. It is the innocent, half-witted Barnabite who rides to the guillotine in the same tumbril as the cynical Brotteaux

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des Ilettes; it is the soft-hearted Bishop in *Le miracle du Grand St. Nicholas*, eternally duped and eternally blessed. To such as these the earth belongs by right, and it should not be made hideous for them by intrigue and ambition.

The progressive ugliness, mental and material, of the age in which France's span was fixed saddened his smile. When he had done that *éreintement* of Zola's *La terre* from which we have quoted, he made profession of faith in the one absolute that he acknowledged all his days. '*Je finis par croire que le manque de goût est ce péché mystérieux dont parle l'Écriture, le plus grand des péchés, le seul qui ne sera pas pardonné.*' His own taste was unswervingly classical; the taste of a Vergilian, who confessed, '*Je porte aux études latines un amour désespéré,*' the taste of the purest and mellowest French culture. Herein the spiritual stepson of Renan, as he has been called, belies his paternity. He has no leaning, like the undulating Breton, to the grandiose wraiths of German philosophies; he hears no bells from the sunken city of Is. The *génie latin* alone inspires a style which is as the play of sunlight on marble. Of all the spells that have been cast to wake the ghost of Old Rome on its shattered paving none is so potent, so mysterious, as that which steals upon the spirit of him who reads *Sur la pierre blanche* in the ruins of the Forum.

Freethinker, Dreyfusard, pacifist, Socialist, Anatole France was yet the one combatant in the antinationalist host before whose crest Charles Maurras always lowered his sword. The sincere traditionalist could not smite, even when he encountered him in opposing ranks, the exemplar of all that is fairest in French tradition. '*Je vous laisse,*' says the grim Abbé Lantaigne to the Modernist in *Le mannequin d'osier*, '*je vous laisse avec M. Bergeret, qui, n'ayant point de religion, ne tombe pas du moins dans les misères et les hontes de la religion facile.*'

However deep his skepticism might bore, Anatole France never weakened in his love of clear and orderly thought. His novels as much as his critical essays are a continuous campaign in the cause of Latin logic and good sense against cheap and muddled thought, against cheap and maudlin sentiment, in every sphere. He did honor the wrought-iron theology of the Abbé Lantaigne, with all its spikes, above pious treacle like *Le rêve*. And though at first sight the volumes of the *Histoire contemporaine* are a satire, winged by indignation at the Dreyfus case, against the typical figures of conservative French society, the priest, the country noble, the officer, there is a touch of Balaam in the prophet. Remark, for instance, his account of the attitude of M. Worms-Clavelin, the vulgar Jewish Prefect, toward the still insignificant Abbé Guitrel: —

Il sentait confusément que, près de cet ecclésiastique de souche paysanne, aussi Français par le caractère sacerdotal et par le type que les pierres noircies de Saint-Exupère et que les vieux arbres de Mail, il se françisait lui-même, se naturalisait, dépouillait les restes pesants se son Allemagne et de son Asie.

France may point his irony against the library of the Duc de Brécé, whose addition to the splendid volumes amassed by his ancestors was a couple of pious tracts, or against the division *en fiches* of the dotard General Cartier de Chalmot; he cannot wholly stifle his regard for the fidelity of these last sentinels of the *ancien régime*. Not the austere Lantaigne but the intriguing Guitrel is the priest he would willingly devour; not the officers who wrought the glory of France in the field, but the officers who (as he firmly believed) had laid secret heads together in a back-office to ruin the innocent; '*c'est qu'ils n'avaient pas l'air militaire.*'

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The ideals of Socialist Internationalism could never claim more than half the man who laid down the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff with the words: '*En pensant aux agitations de cette âme troublée, en suivant cette vie déracinée et jetée à tous les vents de l'Europe, je murmure avec le ferveur d'une prière ce vers de Sainte-Beuve:* —

'*Naître, vivre et mourir dans la même maison!*'

ANATOLE FRANCE IN LATER LIFE

There speaks the man for whom the golden age lay behind him, in his earliest years; whose spirit wandered ruefully through modern Paris, recalling the *paysage lapidaire* that his eyes had opened on as a child in the forties, before Hausmann had wielded his picks; ravished with Bergeret at lighting on '*un mur de lierre, un puits moussu, et une statue de Flore, sans tête et qui sourit encore. C'est ce qu'on ne trouve pas facilement à Paris.*' The house of his birth on the Quai Malaquais had vanished; and they were only ghosts, now, the old bodyguard of Charles X; his father, immersed in ancient books and catalogues; the gay industrious mother, who could not sit down to sew without a pot of flowers or a plate of fruit beside her for delight of the eye; the blameless oddities, relics of a less sophisticated age, who strayed in for gossip in the evenings. '*Ô candeur! simplicité passée, ô plaisirs ingénus! ô charme des mœurs antiques!*'

It had in memory the same glamour as the earthly Paradise in the ancient Dutch Bible, this other picture-book of old France which the modern man was likewise busy tearing up. For Anatole France remained the task of rescuing the pages as they fluttered by like faded autumn leaves, and of tenderly renewing their illuminations, with the brilliance of a mediæval craftsman, and not without a mediæval craftsman's gusts of malice and lubricity.

What did he think of his thirty-five volumes, the accumulating product of eighty years' experience, yet forming in all their variety of mood and setting a whole as harmonious as a piece of music — what did he think of them on that slow deathbed at La Béchellerie, with all Europe waiting mournful, hour by hour, for news of its enchanter? Was he still of the opinion of his little Socrates, Dr. Trublet, who professed, '*Je tiens boutique de mensonges. Je soulage, je console. Peut-il consoler et soulager sans mentir?*' Or had he some apprehension that by his devotion to *formes magnifiques et nobles pensées* he had made that Northern Passage which haunted M. Bergeret in the old volume of voyages on the counter of the bookseller Paillot, had reached a reality, *quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens possit diruere*, an orchard which neither the pelting of doubt nor the gales of desire can strip? *Mihi quoque spem dedisti?* He holds his secret still.

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THE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE

From the *Mask, July*
(Florence English-Language Art and Theatre Journal)

Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor C.,
Schlegel and Dowden and Sidney Lee —
They one and all of them seem to me
To take too hard
The work of the Bard.
Simpler modes appeal to me.
Return we to simpler modes. — M. B.

There once was a king named Macbeth;
A better king never drew breath;
The faults of his life
Were all due to his wife,
The notorious *Lady* Macbeth.

No doubt you have heard of Othello —
An African sort of a fellow.
When they said, 'You are black!'
He cried, 'Take it back!
I am only an exquisite yellow.'

I cannot help feeling that Lear
At the end of his splendid career,
When he strolled in the teeth
Of that storm on that heath,
Was — well, just a little bit 'queer.'

Hamlet, I 'm sorry to find,
Was unable to make up his mind;
He shillied, he shallied,
He dillied, he dallied —
In fact, he was overrefined.

Hats off, however, to Romeo —
One o' the Montagues, don't-you-know;
And we must n't forget
That dear little pet
Of the Capulet set,
Juliet,
Who asked him *why* he was Romeo.

The doings of Coriolanus
Shall not for one moment detain us.
It 's clear that we can't
And we won't and we shan't
Be bothered with Coriolanus.

Then Cymbeline. How about Cymbeline?
You could hold in a cup — in a thimble, e'en —
All that is not
Sheer downright *rot*
In Shakespeare's presentment of Cymbeline.

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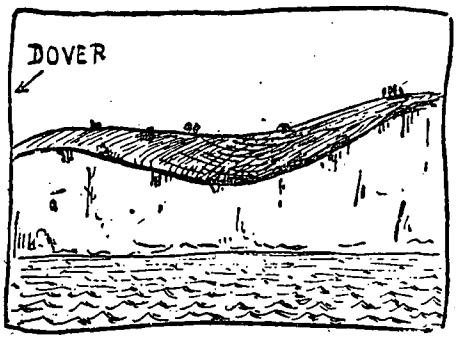
A DRAMATIST SKETCHES ENGLAND

BY KAREL ČAPEK

From the *Manchester Guardian, September 20–October 14*
(RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

'YOU must begin from the beginning,' I was advised, but as I have now been for ten days on this Babel of an island the beginning has got lost. What am I to begin with? Fried bacon or the Exhibition at Wembley? Mr. Shaw or the London policemen? I see that my beginning is very muddled; but with regard to these policemen I must remark that they are recruited according to their beauty and size; they are like gods, a head taller than mortal men, and their power is unlimited. When one of these bobbies, two metres high, raises his hand in Piccadilly, Saturn comes to a standstill and Uranus stops on its celestial path waiting until Bobby lowers his hand again. I have never seen anything so superhuman.



But to begin actually from the beginning I will draw a little picture of how England looks when you approach it from the English Channel. The white part consists simply of rocks, and grass grows on the top. It is built quite solidly on rock, so to say; but to have a continent under your feet feels somewhat safer, I must admit. Folkestone, where I disembarked, looked in the sunset like a castle with battlements; later it turned out that these were only chimneys.

Having landed, I discovered to my horror that I could neither speak nor understand a word of English. So I hid myself in the nearest train; fortunately it proved to be bound for London. On the journey I observed that what I had regarded as England is really only a large English park: just fields and meadows, lovely trees, adorable field-paths, with sheep here and there, as in Hyde Park. There are surprisingly few people about; in Czechoslovakia one is accustomed to see somebody busying himself on every inch of the soil.

At last the train bores its way between houses of a curious sort; there are a hundred of them entirely alike; then a whole streetful alike; and again, and again. This produces the effect of a fashion-craze. The train flies past a whole town which is beset by some terrible curse: inexorable Fate has decreed that each house shall have two pillars at the door. For another huge block she has decreed iron balconies. The following block she has perpetually condemned to gray bricks. On another mournful street she has

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relentlessly imposed blue verandahs. Then there is a whole quarter doing penance for some unknown wrong by placing five steps before every front door. I should be enormously relieved if even one house had only three; but for some reason that is not possible. And another street is entirely red.

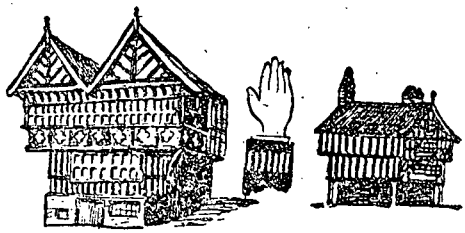
Then I stepped out of the train and fell into the arms of a guardian angel speaking a language I could understand. I was guided to the right and to the left, up and down — I can tell you, it was fearful.

They bundled me into another train and took me out at Surbiton, comforted and fed me, and laid me in a feather bed, and there was darkness, just as at home, stillness, just as at home, and the dreams I dreamed were of all sorts — something about the steamer, something about Prague, and something strange, which I have forgotten.

I thank Heaven that I did not have fifty dreams alike, one after the other. I thank Heaven that dreams at least are not turned out wholesale.

In England I should like to be a cow or a baby; but being a grown-up man, I viewed the people of this country. Well, it is not true that the English wear loud check suits, with pipe and whiskers; as regards the latter, the only true Englishman is Dr. Douček in Prague. Every Englishman wears a mackintosh, and has a cap on his head and a newspaper in his hand. As for the Englishwoman, she carries a mackintosh or a tennis racket. Nature here has a propensity for unusual shagginess, excrescences, woolliness, spikiness, and all kinds of hair; English horses, for example, have regular tufts and tassels of hair on their legs, and English dogs are nothing more nor less than absurd bundles of forelocks. Only the English lawn and the English gentleman are shaved every day.

We must just look to see where merry old England really is. Old England — that is, let us say, Stratford, and that is Chester, and I know not what else. Stratford, Stratford — let's see, have I been there? No, I haven't; so I haven't seen the house in which Shakespeare was born — if we do not take into account that it has been entirely rebuilt and that, moreover, perhaps no such person as Shakespeare ever existed. But on the other hand, I have been in Salisbury, where a quite undoubted Massinger worked, and in the Temple in London, where a well-attested Dickens stayed, and at Grasmere, where an historically authenticated Wordsworth lived, and in many other birthplaces and centres of activity which are undeniably vouched for by documentary evidence. Good! I have found here and there that good old England which outwardly has survived in the form of black rafters and carved frontages, as a result of which it has a pretty black-and-white crisscross pattern. I should be reluctant to indulge in too venturesome hypotheses, but it seems to me that the black and white stripes on the sleeves of English policemen have



their origin precisely in that crisscross style of old English houses, as shown in the drawing.

England, it should be explained, is a country of historical traditions; and everything that is has some cause — as was taught by John Locke, if I remember rightly. In some towns, as for example Chester, the policemen

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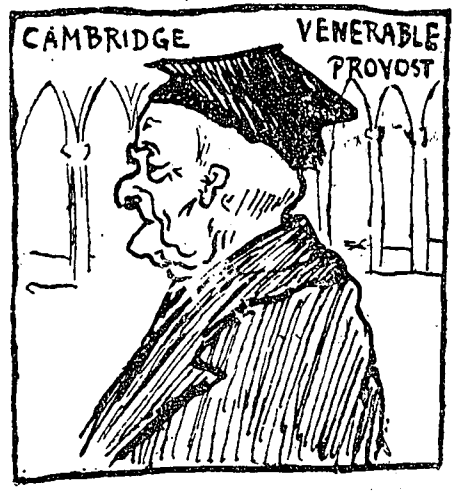
wear white cloaks, like surgeons or barbers; possibly that is a tradition from the time of the Romans. Besides this, old England was fond of all kinds of projecting stories and gables, so that a house of that sort grows broader and broader toward the top; in addition to all that, the windows are commonly thrust forward like half-opened drawers, so that a house of that sort, with its stories, bow-windows, dormers, and oriels, looks like a large toy with detachable parts, or an old escritoire with drawers, which is perhaps closed up and locked up for the night, and there it is.

At first you have the impression of a provincial town; but suddenly you wonder whose this old castle can be. It is a students' college with three courtyards, a chapel of its own, a royal hall where the students tea, a park, and I know not what else. And here is a second one, bigger still, with four courtyards, a park beyond the river, a cathedral of its own, a still bigger Gothic dining-hall, rafters five hundred years old, a gallery of old portraits, still older traditions, and still more famous names. Then there is a third one which is the oldest, a fourth one distinguished for scholarship, a fifth for athletic records, a sixth because it has the finest chapel, a seventh for I know not what, and as there are at least fifteen of them I have mixed them all up; I see only the castellated palaces in Perpendicular style; the huge quadrangles, where the pupils move about in black gowns and square tasseled caps, each of whom has his two or three rooms in the wings of these castles; I see the Gothic chapels, disemboweled by Protestantism; the banquet-halls with a dais for the 'masters' and 'fellows,' the venerable smoked portraits of earls, statesmen, and poets who went forth from there; I see the renowned 'backs' — that is, the rear of the colleges above the River Cam, over which there are bridges leading to the ancient college parks; I float on the gentle river between the backs and the parks, and I think of the students in Central Europe, of their hollow bellies and their boots down-at-heel with trudging from lecture to lecture.

I bow down to you, O Cambridge, for upon me was conferred the honor of eating on the dais among the learned masters, in a hall so vast and old that I felt as if I were only dreaming about it; I greet you with both hands, O Cambridge, for I was vouchsafed the joy of eating with students, masters, and other young people from earthenware dishes in the Half Moon; and happy I was among them.



And I have seen lawns where only the masters and not the undergraduates may walk, and staircases where only the graduates and not the students may play billiards; I have seen professors in rabbits' fur and cloaks as red as lobsters, I have seen the graduates kneel and kiss the hand of the Vice-Chancellor. Of all these wonders I have been able to make a drawing only of one venerable college provost,

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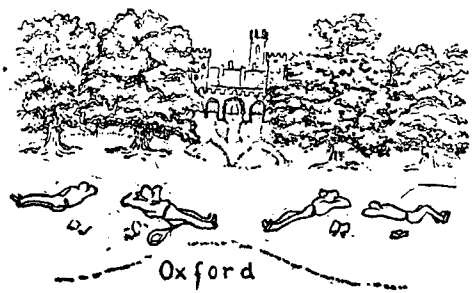
who poured out for me a glass of sherry at least as old as the elder Pitt.

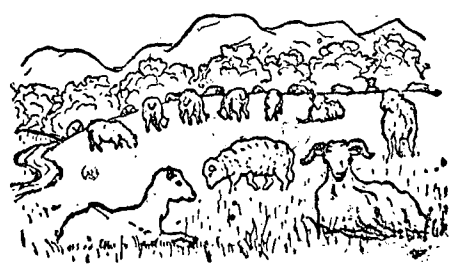
What evil am I to say now about Oxford? I cannot praise Oxford after having praised Cambridge; and my friendly connection with Cambridge makes it incumbent upon me to shower fire and brimstone upon haughty Oxford. Unfortunately I like the



latter place very much; the colleges there are still bigger and still older; they have beautiful quiet parks, galleries of equally famous ancestors, banquet-halls, memorials, and dignified janitors; but all this display and tradition is not aimless: it would seem that the purpose of it is to train not learned specialists but gentlemen. It is necessary to know this in order to comprehend England in a somewhat different aspect. Just imagine our students lunching at the very least in the Waldstein Castle hall on massive old silver, served by waiters in liveries, and prepared for examinations by household professors in lecture halls equipped with all kinds of settees, armchairs, and sofas; just imagine — but no, my young friends, never mind about this.

In order that it may not be said that there are lakes only in Scotland, they have a whole district in England allotted to them: Derwentwater is there, and Lake Bassenthwaite, Wast Water and Thirlmere and Grasmere and Windermere and Ullswater and many others; it was here that the Lake poets lived, and Wordsworth's grave is at Grasmere, beside a nice old church with an oak roof in a valley of wavy trees; but although this sentence is so long, it does not contain all the delights of the pleasant Lake District. Thus, for example, Keswick is a town which differs from all other towns in the world by being built of entirely green bricks.

For tourist reasons here is Skiddaw, and then, between thickets and parks, the delightful Lake Windermere, which I drew on an evening so sweet and peaceful that I felt uneasy with happiness; the sunset was combing the curly wavelets with a golden comb, and here the pilgrim sat by the quiet reeds and had no desire to go home again, so dazing and peaceful was the water. The Guide to the Lake District mentions the various mountains, passes, and beautiful views, as well as the stone upon which Wordsworth used to sit, and other local beauty-spots. As regards myself, I discovered and performed a few pilgrimages: —



1. The Pilgrimage to the Sheep. There are sheep in every part of England, but the Lake sheep are specially curly; they graze on silken lawns, and remind one of the souls of the blessed in Heaven. Nobody watches them, and they spend their time in feeding, sleeping, and divine ponderings. I have drawn them, imbuing them with as much calm and tender joy of life as

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can be conveyed by means of a fountain pen.

2. The Pilgrimage to the Cows. The Lake cows differ from others by reason of their special reddish tinge; besides this they are distinguished from other cows by the charm of the landscape in which they graze, and by their mildness of expression. They walk about in the Elysian Fields the whole day long; and when they lie

down, they slowly and solemnly ruminate words of thanksgiving. In my picture I have surrounded them with all the beauties of the Lake District; you see there a bridge beneath which flows a small river with trout, soft shrubs, wavy trees, oval and pleasant hills covered with copses and quickset hedges, the ridges of the Cumbrian mountains, and finally a sky full of moisture and light; among the trees you perceive the tops of cottages built of reddish or greenish stone; and you will admit that to be a cow in the Lake District is a great blessing which falls to the lot only of the most sacred and worthy among all creatures.

3. Pilgrimage to the Horses. Horses in England do nothing else but graze all day or walk about on beautiful grass. Perhaps they are not horses at all, but Swift's Houyhnhnms, a wise and semidivine race which does not engage in trade, takes no part in politics, and is not even interested in the horse-racing at Ascot. They regard man indulgently and almost without antagonism; they are remarkably intelligent. Sometimes they meditate, sometimes they rush about with flying tails, and sometimes they gaze in so majestic and solemn a manner that man beside them feels himself to be a sort of ape. To draw a horse is the most difficult task which has hitherto come my way. When I made an attempt at it the horses surrounded me, and one of them with might and main tried to eat up my sketch-book; I had to beat a retreat, when he refused to be satisfied with my showing him my pictures from afar.

There are many other beautiful things in the Lake District; thus, in particular, the winding rivers, the bushy and magnificent trees, the roads twining like ribbons, the call of the mountains and the comfort of the valleys, the crinkled and peaceful lakes. Along these twining roads there pant chars-à-bancs full of tourists, motor-cars fly and women slip past on bicycles; only the Sheep, the Cows, and the Horses ruminate deliberately and without haste on the beauties of nature.

Where are you to pick words fine enough to portray the quiet and verdant charms of the English countryside? I have been in Surrey and up in Essex; I have wandered along roads lined with quickset hedges, sheer quickset hedges which make England the real England, for they enclose but

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do not oppress; half-opened gates lead you to ancient avenues of a park deeper than a forest; and here is a red house with high chimneys, a church tower among the trees, a meadow with flocks of cows, a flock of horses which turn their beautiful and solemn eyes upon you; a pathway that seems to be swept as clean as a new pin, velvety pools with nenuphars and sword-lilies; parks, mansions, meadows and meadows; no fields, nothing that might be a shrill reminder of human drudgery: a paradise where the Lord God Himself made paths of asphalt and sand, planted old trees, and entwined ivy coverlets for the red houses.

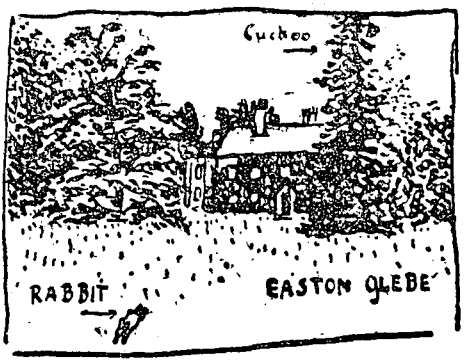
My uncle, a Czech farmer, would shake his head with disapproval on seeing the red and black flocks of cows on the finest meadows in the world, and would have said: 'What a pity to waste such splendid manure.' And he would say: 'Why don't they sow turnips here? Why, just look at the clay soil, fit to smear on bread; and they leave it for pasture land.'

'You see, Uncle, they don't think it worth the labor; they get their wheat from Australia and sugar from India and potatoes from Africa, or wherever it is.'

'But you know, my boy,' he would say, 'I like our way better; it may be only a turnip, but at least you can see the work.'

It would be difficult to explain to my uncle the economic system of England; his hands would itch too much for the heavy plough-handle. The English countryside is not for work; it is for show. It is as green as a park and as immaculate as Paradise. I sauntered along a grassy pathway in Surrey during a tepid shower, among the stems of broom with its yellowish blossom, and russet heather which stippled the light ferns; and there was nothing but the sky and round hillocks, for the houses with their inmates are tucked away amid the trees, from which a meal in preparation wafts a cheerful cloudlet.

I ambled like a wood nymph across the Essex paddocks, climbed over a hedge into a seigniorial park, and saw water-lilies and gladstonia on a dark pool; danced in the corn-loft a dance which I did not know before; climbed up a church tower, and ten times a day was amazed at the harmony and perfection of the life with which the Englishman surrounds himself in his home.



THE HOME OF H. G. WELLS

The English home — that is tennis and warm water, the gong summoning you to lunch, books, meadows, comfort selected, stabilized, and blessed by the centuries, freedom of children and patriarchal disposition of parents, hospitality and a formalism as comfortable as a dressing-gown; in brief, the English home is the English home, and therefore I have drawn it from memory together with the cuckoo and rabbit. Inside there lives and writes one of the wisest men in this world, and outside the cuckoo utters its cry as much as thirty times in succession — with this I conclude the tale of the best things in England.

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THE MAN WHO STOLE THE PELICAN

BY I. A. WILLIAMS

From the *London Mercury, October*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

SIR CHARLES TRUMPINGTON, permanent Chief of His Majesty's Diplomatic Office, was in a quandary. He knew very well that the foolscap envelope which lay unopened on his desk contained his emissary's secret report on the recent murders at Tresbon, the capital of Zenobia. He recognized the writing of the address; and, moreover, the report was expected. But, on the other hand, he had not expected this report — a document the secrecy of which was of international importance — to reach him for at least another two days. On Wednesday, at the earliest, he had thought that it might arrive; and now there it was staring him in the face, at ten o'clock on Monday morning. It was most annoying.

'Confound Travers!' thought Sir Charles, 'I wish he were sometimes not quite so speedy in carrying out his instructions!'

For the fact was, much as Trumpington wished for this report, he was expecting a visit, in half an hour's time, from the Zenobian Ambassador, and he particularly wished to be able to assure his Excellency that no reliable account of the Tresbon murders had yet reached London. That would enable him to give the Ambassador a chance of explaining the affair, and would also allow Trumpington to estimate how honestly Zenobia intended to act by Great Britain in this troublesome affair. It would, of course, be quite possible to read the report and still to assert to his visitor that he had not done so. But Trumpington had the peculiar cast of mind that dislikes the lie direct, — even in a good cause, — and he therefore sought for some less blatantly untruthful way out of his difficulty. He would put the document, still unopened and unread, in his safe. That would do, at a pinch, though he would not feel particularly comfortable about it. Supposing the Ambassador were to word his questions awkwardly, and ask, for instance, 'Do you mean to assure me, Sir Charles, that you have no report on these regrettable incidents' — he would hardly use the word 'murders' — 'in your files?' To answer such a question would certainly entail some violence to Sir Charles Trumpington's conscience — a part of his being which he treated, perhaps in reaction against the general standards of diplomacy, with a tenderness which amounted almost to cosseting.

No, he reflected, that would hardly do. The lie direct he would avoid, if he possibly could. It would be better to get the wretched report clear out of the building; and then, unless the Ambassador were so unfortunate in his choice of phrases as to use the verb 'receive,' — 'Have you not *received* an account?' — he might get out of the affair without a stain upon his character. The reader will perhaps think that a diplomatist's conscience was hardly worth so much thought, such long consideration; but this was not the view of Sir

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Charles Trumpington. He finally decided to have the inopportune document removed, temporarily, from the Diplomatic Office, and he therefore rang the bell.

'Ask Mr. Tape to step this way,' he said to the Commissionaire who answered his ring.

Two minutes later Mr. Michael Tape made his appearance. 'Ah, Tape,' said the chief, affably, but yet with a touch of nervousness in his manner, 'nothing of any special importance in this morning, I suppose?'

'Nothing particular, sir.'

'Well — er — well — the fact is, Tape, it would be a considerable convenience to me if you would condescend to take the morning off to-day.'

Tape looked surprised. 'Take the morning off, sir?' he repeated incredulously.

'Yes, quite so,' replied Sir Charles. 'Go out for a walk. It 's a nice sunny morning. Go anywhere you like. And, by the way, you might slip this letter in your pocket before you go — but mind you take the greatest possible care of it — the very greatest care. Guard it as you would your honor. Your life, I mean,' he corrected, thinking, no doubt, that the latter was a more intrinsically valuable commodity.

Tape took the envelope. Travers's writing he knew; and he also knew of the Tresbon murders, the Zenobian Ambassador's impending call, and the line his chief intended to take at the interview. He had, in addition, a fairly accurate appreciation of Sir Charles Trumpington's mental habits. So he was able to grasp the situation.

'I understand, sir,' he said, slipping the precious envelope into the inside breast pocket of his jacket.

Sir Charles looked somewhat pained at his subordinate's remark.

'I don't know, Mr. Tape,' he said stiffly, 'that there is any need for you to understand. That will do for the present. Go out immediately, and be back with Travers's rep — er, I mean, with the envelope, at two o'clock.'

Michael Tape retired, fetched his hat and stick from his own room, and left the building. He strolled along Whitehall a short way, then turned through the Horse Guards Arch, and sauntered idly into St. James's Park. He was a man of about forty years of age, inclining to stoutness, and of somewhat fastidious tastes. His hair was well brushed and black in color — though the latter fact did not prevent certain of his more jocose friends from seizing the obvious opportunity afforded by his surname, and by his employment in the Civil Service, to the extent of calling him 'Red Tape' in playful moments. This annoyed Michael, though he tried not to show it.

Perhaps because a career in the Diplomatic Office left him little faith in human nature, Michael Tape's passion in life was the study of birds and beasts of all sorts. Every Sunday afternoon, for example, he would wander round the Zoo, and he was known to all the keepers there as one of the more instructed of the regular visitors to the Gardens. Most of his meditations centred round animals of various sorts, and sometimes he would imagine himself going on romantic expeditions to distant parts of the world and returning with strange and rare beasts and birds for the collection in Regent's Park. It was one of his daydreams to see the magic phrase 'Presented by Michael Tape, Esq., F. Z. S.' painted upon innumerable little tin labels. This morning, however, he did not go to the Zoo, but into St. James's Park, to visit his old friends the pelicans.

He was, apparently, in luck, for half a dozen of those admirably grotesque birds had left the water of the lake and were sunning themselves on the grass

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close to the railings, against which Tape leaned idly, watching the pompous movements of the pelicans. One of them had carried a small fish along from the water, but had dropped it on the turf without swallowing it; for pelicans, as anyone who has watched them knows, are fond of toying with their food — tossing it up in the air and catching it, then dropping it again — before finally making a meal of it. Tape thought it would be amusing to get hold of the fish and to hold it up by the tail for one of the birds to catch. He therefore bent over the rails and tried to draw the fish near to him with his stick. This manœuvre attracted the attention of the pelicans, who came poking round his stick with their long bills.

Then, while this entertaining sport was at its height, a horrible thing happened. The precious envelope, with Travers's secret report inside it, slipped out of Tape's pocket and fell right in front of the assembled pelicans.

This in itself would not have been a terribly serious matter, had not one of the birds taken into its head the perverse idea that the wretched envelope might make a pleasant change from a diet of fish. With this in mind, and before Tape could rescue his precious charge, the pelican in question had seized the envelope, had tossed it up in the air, had caught it adroitly, and was holding it in his bill. Tape was horrified.

'Give it here,' he shouted to the bird. But shouting did no good; the bird merely once more threw the thing up and caught it.

Tape tried persuasion. 'Pretty Pelly,' he coaxed, working upon an obvious analogy; 'there 's a good Pelly; there 's a nice bird.' And he held out his hand, hoping, supposedly, that the pelican would hand the document back.

But no miracle of the kind happened; persuasion was as useless as shouting; and the pelican, deciding to taste this strange titbit, incontinently bolted the envelope. Into the pouch it went, then it could be seen traveling down the throat, and finally it disappeared into the innermost portions of the bird.

This was a disaster indeed. Tape could see his whole career disappearing in the crop of the pelican, which, together with its companions, was now waddling toward the lake. What was to be done? No park-keeper was in sight to whom Tape could appeal for aid; and he knew that if he once took his eye off the identical bird that contained Travers's report (he had heard of documents being digested, but never before in quite this way) he would not recognize it from its fellows, and the whole flock might have to be slaughtered in order to recover the lost document. At this thought he quailed; to have his six beloved pelicans butchered was more than he could have stood, even had he thought that he could have persuaded the Park authorities to do it. He must come to a decision, at once; and this necessity being forced upon him, he did so. He vaulted, with surprising agility, over the railings, rushed toward the pelican and, remembering his early achievements as a Rugby football player, threw himself full length after it, clasping it round the neck and shoulders.

But the pelican was not for surrendering without a struggle, and for a minute or so bird and civil servant rolled about this way and that on the grass, the former emitting loud squawks and the latter puffing and snorting like a thousand grampuses. But eventually Tape had the better of it, and managed to get on his feet, still clasping the struggling bird to his breast.

A pelican, it will readily be understood, is no mean weight, but Tape succeeded in clambering back across the railings without losing his prisoner.

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Luckily the park was almost deserted, but one male loafer and a couple of nursemaids had now appeared on the scene, and in the far, far distance our hero could see a policeman making as hurried an approach as dignity would permit. Tape realized, therefore, that in a few moments authority would arrive, and would certainly prevent this kidnapping project. But it was only a few yards to the road, along which he could see a disengaged taxi driving slowly in his direction. To the taxi, then, he bolted, and pushed the bird, beak foremost, in through the fortunately open window.

The driver began to protest, but Tape cut him short with the magic phrase 'Three times your fare!' and then tried to get into the car himself. But the pelican, apparently, was of another opinion, and every time the luckless Michael put his foot inside the door he found his leg painfully assaulted with all the violence of which that very powerful beak was capable. Yet the policeman (who had accelerated his pace) was now within thirty yards, things were almost desperate, and into the cab Michael plunged, to the further severe detriment of his calves.

'Where to, sir?' cried the driver.

'Anywhere you like!' yelled Tape, and off the taxi started, beating the policeman by a bare five yards.

The drive was such as neither Michael nor the driver (nor even possibly the bird) was ever afterwards likely to forget. First of all the gallant diplomat had his feathered companion to reckon with and the latter was in an excessively obstreperous mood. It flapped at Tape's face with its wings; it prodded him violently in the stomach; and all the time it gave vent to bloodcurdling noises which made the taxi-driver shudder, attracted the attention of all passers-by, and caused every policeman on the route to draw out his pocketbook and make a note of the number of the car. At last, however, the confounded bird appeared to tire, and had a quiet spell which gave its captor a chance to collect his thoughts.

This, of course, brought him face to face with his second problem — where was he to take the pelican, and how was he to extract from it the precious report? Michael Tape thought and thought, and at last he came to the conclusion that the unfortunate bird would have to be killed and cut open. But who should do it? He firmly refused to face the possibility that he himself should kill the bird. It seemed rather a poulterer's job. Then he reflected again that perhaps pelicans were not poultry and that he ought to apply to a veterinary surgeon for assistance. But he knew no veterinary, he considered. And then the solution struck him. The greater must comprise the less! What a veterinary could do a doctor must certainly also be able to perform — and he had among his personal friends a distinguished surgeon.

Five minutes more brought him to 65 Harley Street, the house of George Redman, one of the most eminent of the younger surgeons and an old friend of Tape's.

Fortunately Redman was disengaged, and Tape was soon in his consulting room, pouring out his woes to him.

'But,' said the surgeon, 'where do I come in?'

'Well, you see,' replied Tape, 'I thought you might cut the bird open for me, and recover Travers's report.'

'The devil you did!' exclaimed Redman. 'My dear chap, I can't operate on a pelican.'

'Why not? You 're a surgeon, are n't you?'

'Of course I am.'

'Well, then,' said Tape, 'there you are! If you can cut open human beings, surely you can manage a mere bird.

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Why, I don't make such an awful mess, myself, of carving a chicken!'

'Anyhow,' answered Redman, decisively, 'I 'm not going to.' Tape however, was not to be put off even with so definite a refusal. 'My dear Redman,' he continued, 'think of the service you will be rendering to the country! Travers's report is of immense value. It may make the difference between peace and war. And then think of the good turn you will be doing to me, one of your oldest pals! For if I lose that report it means the sack for me from the Diplomatic Office.'

'And you jolly well deserve it!' was Redman's reply. Then he went on, more favorably. 'But I suppose that I shall have to try to get you out of your scrape. Yet I don't fancy that it will be necessary to cut open the wretched pelican — for whom, honestly, I feel more sorry than I do for you, old chap!'

'But what else will recover the report?'

'Why, you juggins,' said Redman, 'have you never heard of an emetic?'

'Lord! What an idea!' shouted Tape, and before Redman could say another word he had dashed out, paid off the taxi (at the promised treble rate), and was staggering back into the house grasping once more in his arms the fluttering, squawking pelican.

'Hi! Stop! Not in here, you fool!' yelled the surgeon — but too late. The pelican was already in the consulting room, where it proceeded to flutter madly round, upsetting the telephone, the inkpot, a couple of vases of flowers, and other trifles.

On the scene that followed a veil must be drawn. The reader, if he has any imagination, can reconstruct it for himself, if he chooses (which he may not). It is sufficient to say that in three quarters of an hour that priceless envelope was recovered, but looking much the worse for its experience, and smelling amazingly of partly digested fish. The pelican, also, was hardly looking in its best form; and the state of the consulting room was not a credit to Harley Street.

'My dear Redman,' cried Tape exultingly, when it was all over, 'you can't imagine how grateful I am to you. You have saved my reputation and my position. You have quite possibly also saved England from a war. Thank you a million times, my dear fellow. Now I must get back to the Diplomatic Office. Trumpington will be expecting me.'

He made for the door, but Redman grabbed him by the arm.

'Stop a minute,' said the surgeon; 'what about your feathered friend here?'

Tape looked puzzled.

'Perhaps,' he hesitated, 'you would n't mind my leaving him here for a bit? I would — '

'No you don't, my boy,' Redman assured him. 'When you leave here that bird does too.'

'But I can't take a pelican to the Diplomatic Office!'

'That 's your trouble, not mine. After all, you stole the pelican!'

Then it was that Michael Tape's dream came to him again. He saw his chance of rounding off the adventure in a manner at once dashing and whimsical. At last there would be one of those little labels, with 'Presented by Michael Tape, Esq., F.Z.S.' upon it, in Regent's Park. He would present the pelican to the Zoo!

This was, of course, sheer madness — a direct result, he afterwards believed, of Satanic temptation; and it led him into still more trouble. But for the moment his soul was serene and joyful. His eyes glistened.

'All right,' he said, with assumed carelessness. 'I 'll take the beastly bird and get rid of it somehow.'

Once more the poor pelican, now scarcely resisting at all, for it felt un-

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commonly limp after the doctoring its insides had been given, was hustled into a taxi along with Michael Tape. Soon they reached the Zoölogical Society's offices, and Michael alighted and entered the building.

'I was wondering,' he said to the clerk, 'whether the Society would like to accept a pelican — a fine specimen — as a gift from me!'

'I should imagine, sir,' replied the clerk, 'that the Society would be most grateful. Perhaps you would care to write to the Secretary about it?'

'I would rather see him now,' answered Tape, 'for, as a matter of fact, I 've got it outside in a taxi.'

The clerk looked at him queerly, for he had just seen an evening paper which gave a highly colored account of the theft that morning of one of the pelicans in St. James's Park. He noticed also that Tape's clothes were muddy and that he looked as if he had been struggling with something.

'Very good, sir,' said the clerk, 'I will see if I can find the Secretary. Perhaps you would n't mind stepping into the waiting-room for a few minutes, sir?'

The unsuspecting Tape — who had forgotten all about evening papers — did as he was bid, and no sooner was he safely in than the astute clerk telephoned to the police.

Unfortunate Michael Tape! In but a few minutes there arrived two stalwart constables who, when he tried to explain who he was, merely warned him that anything he said might be used in evidence against him, and, when he protested the excellence of his motives, answered, 'All right, Mr. Pelican-pincher, you can tell them that at the station!' So to the police station he was forced to go, and only with the greatest difficulty was he able to persuade the inspector to allow him to telephone to Sir Charles Trumpington. Having done that he felt a trifle easier in mind, for his chief had promised to come round at once to see what could be done. But Tape had to await Sir Charles's arrival in the cells, which he felt was no highly dignified position for a rising light of the Diplomatic Office. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that he had at least got rid of the pelican, and that he had Travers's report safe in his pocket.

Sir Charles Trumpington was as good as his word, and before long had bailed out our hero and had heard his story.

'I must say, Tape,' he said, as they drove toward Whitehall together, 'that after your first inexcusable carelessness in allowing that ridiculous bird to get hold of Travers's letter, you showed commendable perseverance in retrieving your blunder.'

Tape murmured some acknowledgment of the compliment.

'You may be amused to learn,' continued Sir Charles, 'that this somewhat soiled and fishy envelope — really, I hope you will not lose any more documents inside pelicans — does *not* contain Travers's report.'

'Does n't contain Travers's report!' cried Tape. 'What do you mean, sir?'

'That my original calculation was correct. The report will only arrive on Wednesday, for I have just had a cable from Travers that he has posted it from Brindisi to-day. This,' he continued, opening the famous envelope, 'contains, let me see — only a few Zenobian postage stamps for my granddaughter Margaret. Travers is always so thoughtful. He loves to do little kindnesses of this sort.'

Then it was that Michael Tape broke into a commentary upon recent events couched in language that was not only undiplomatic, but positively unparliamentary. Sir Charles, however, took no notice, for he was, after all, not totally devoid of human sympathy.

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THE LIFE OF A MODEST MAN

BY H. H. HOUBEN

From *Kölnische Zeitung, August 7*
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

LITTLE has hitherto been known of the personal life of Eckermann, Goethe's favorite among his younger friends. Eckermann lost himself in the shadow of the Titan to whom he dedicated his existence, and as an individual disappears behind the book that was his life-work — his *Conversations with Goethe*, the most thoroughly national book in all our German literature — like the author of a folk song that is sung on every hand, though the name of its creator is scarcely known. There was nothing especially stirring about such a life as Eckermann's in the Weimar of Goethe's later days. It flowed along peacefully, like the gently murmuring Ilm in the park near by. Only two events sent great waves rolling to the banks: his continual and close association with Goethe, and a love affair in which the shy and backward Eckermann played the rôle of a Knight of Toggenburg. The letters that between 1829 and 1832 he wrote to Auguste Kladzig — a beautiful singer in the Weimar theatre, later the wife of La Roche, the Viennese actor who at that time was also a member of the company — have long been known, for it is some four-and-twenty years since they emerged, as if embarrassed by the light of day, from their hiding-place among the papers that Eckermann left behind.

There are many reflections of both these experiences in Eckermann's diaries, of which I have recently discovered important fragments. Eckermann did not keep a regular and detailed diary. It was only special events of a personal sort that led him to set down the facts about himself for his own perusal. Many sheets of this diary describe the fascination that Auguste Kladzig had for him. He depicts the charmingly modest infatuation of a faint heart in his relations with a girl whom he idolized; describes how he dreamed of her by day, how he sought her at the theatre, when she was out walking, and on the streets of the little city where, in front of every house, the inquiring eye of a tiny *Spion* mercilessly revealed in its mirror all who passed in the street. Even in his dreams she was near to him. An atmosphere of resignation hangs more closely over the pages of this diary than it does even in his letters to Auguste, for since his student days Eckermann had been betrothed to another girl, who was waiting with growing impatience — and besides this his more fortunate rival for Auguste's hand was a friend of his own. In the pages of his diary that I shall print here he is quite aware that 'the end of the song' is in prospect, but no trace of bitterness, jealousy, or hatred mars the polished mirror of his soul.

Tucked away among the pages of the diary are bits of his talks with Goethe, and in one place at least in this preliminary draft we are allowed to catch the author of the *Conversations*

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at his work. The relationship of the first draft to the later form of this work is very different in various cases. In the extracts from the diary given here, the first conversation with Goethe — except for the introduction, which concerns Eckermann himself and which his modesty later led him to suppress — appears essentially as we find it in his book. The first drafts of the other conversations give occasion for many characteristic turns of speech which have significance only in relation to the whole. What is really most delightful in this part of the diary is the framework of personal experiences during a series of sixteen days in the month of March 1830.

To those familiar with the Weimar circle the other persons are well known. Eckermann was at that time the tutor of the Grand Duke Karl Alexander, whom he was instructing in foreign languages and giving as much German literature as his mother, the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, regarded as proper. He made the rest of his living mainly by private lessons in the pension — much patronized by the English — of the Frau Professorin Melos, whose eldest daughter, Ida, later became Freiligrath's wife.

Now let Eckermann speak for himself: —

Sunday, March 7, 1830. — About twelve to see Goethe, who was unusually fresh, youthful, and lively. He began at once to discuss my poems for the second time, saying that I had his own calm and Byron's vigor, and that now I must try for what people call *Konvenienz*, the quality in which Voltaire was so great. He praised my poem to the memory of the Duchess Dowager, as perfect. Then he confided to me that he had had to lay aside his *Walpurgisnacht* in order to get the last delivery of copy ready. He wanted to go over the facts about the Diderot manuscript and his own, and to rewrite and develop his own translation. He confided to me the editorial work on volumes thirty-eight and thirty-nine. 'If we hold ourselves down to work,' said he, 'we can be ready in three or four weeks, so that the copy can go at Easter. Then I will take up again my classical *Walpurgisnacht* and go ahead with *Faust*. I was wise to stop while the mood was still on me and while I still had a lot to say. That being the case, I can start again much more easily than if I had gone on writing till I began to stumble.'

I made especial note of this as a good idea.

We had intended to go for a drive about twelve o'clock, but we found it so pleasant alone together indoors that we sent the horses away.

Meantime Friedrich had unpacked a big box that had come from Paris. It was a consignment from the famous sculptor David, and consisted of plaster portraits — bas-reliefs of thirty-seven famous persons. Friedrich placed the casts in various drawers, and it was a great privilege to see all those interesting individuals. I was especially attracted by Mérimée, whose head seemed as sturdy and reckless as his talent, and Goethe observed that there was a humorous air about him. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Émile Deschamps, seemed like clear, free, cheerful heads. We were also delighted with the portraits of Mlle. Gay, Mme. Tastu, and others among the younger authoresses. The vigorous portrait of Favier suggested the men of earlier centuries, and we were glad to see it done over. We went about from one important individual to another, and Goethe could not help remarking that in this consignment from David he had a treasure for which he could not sufficiently thank that eminent sculptor.

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He is going to keep on showing it to people who pass through and will thus gain oral information about the casts that he does not recognize.

Some books were also packed in the box, and these he had carried into the front room, whither we followed them and sat down at the table. We were in very good spirits and kept talking back and forth about books and prospects.

'It is not good for a man to be alone,' said Goethe, 'and still worse that he should work alone. Quite the contrary, a man needs sympathy and stimulation if he is going to accomplish anything. I owe the *Achilleis* to Schiller and also many of my ballads, which he forced me to write; and you can take the credit yourself if I ever get done with the second part of *Faust*. I have often told you this and I must repeat it to make sure you know it.'

I was delighted at what Goethe said and had a feeling that there was a good deal of truth in it.

At dessert Goethe opened the package. It contained the poems of Émile Deschamps together with a letter which Goethe handed me to read. I saw with delight what an influence Goethe is becoming in the new life of French literature, how the younger writers love and honor him as their intellectual chief. When Goethe was a young man, only Shakespeare had such significance. It could not be said of Voltaire that he exerted so much influence over the young poets in other countries that they assembled in his spirit and recognized him as their leader and master. The letter from Émile Deschamps was written throughout with a very charming and hearty freedom. 'We look upon the springtime of a fine spirit,' said Goethe.

Underneath David's consignment there was also a sheet of paper with any number of views of Napoleon's hat. 'That 's something for my son,' said Goethe, and sent the sheet up to him at once. It had the expected effect, for young Goethe came rushing down quickly, declaring with great delight that this hat of his hero's was the *non plus ultra* of his collection, which nothing else could surpass. Before five minutes had elapsed the picture was under glass and frame and had taken its place among other possessions and mementos of the hero.

After luncheon I walked on the Erfurter Strasse.

In the evening Soret visited me and told me that my poems had especially pleased the Grand Duchess, which I was very glad to hear. I went to the castle with him, and he read me the first part of his story.

Monday, March 8. — Plunkett tells me that the nobility praised my poetry last evening a great deal, and Fräulein von Egloffstein sang him my song, '*Blicktest Du ins Herze mir*,' all of which I was delighted to hear. Toward noon, the weather being fair, I went down the road to Wittigs, intending to get something to eat or at least to make some plans. There was soup, a good roast, and a good glass of *Würzburger*, with which I was thoroughly content. Lorzing came and we discussed the theatre together.

On the way home I thought out my poem and made up my mind what to do.

Tuesday, March 9. — At table with Frau von Goethe. Then to the Prince, whom I accompanied for his hour of exercise from five to six. Walked on the Erfurter Strasse. Wrote a little poetry in the evening. A minute or two at the Professorin's, where I saw Ulrike [von Pogwisch]. Then a stroll through the streets because the stars were so beautiful. About one o'clock

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in the morning I woke up sweating violently, with a pain in the shoulder, and lay awake until six o'clock in the morning, when I got back to sleep again and had a tender dream about Auguste.

Wednesday, March 10. — Very busy all morning, editing the thirty-eighth volume for Goethe. Vogel ordered an application of Spanish fly for the left arm. At table with Goethe. My physical pain kept me from being very good company. After a period of mourning, the theatre was again open, with Holtei's *Leonore*. I went in for a moment in order to see Auguste. She gave me an apple from Fräulein Muller and the letters from Zauper. I came home in the worst possible humor, put on the Spanish fly and went to bed early.

Thursday, March 11. — Slept excellently in the same place all night, in a steady, quiet perspiration. Toward morning the Spanish fly burned like fire and made big blisters. I got up about nine, and not being well enough to do any regular work, put my papers in order. I looked through the portfolio that I had in the Duke's garden this summer and found in it a flower which in those happy days Auguste had found and drawn in the Duke's apartments. On one sheet a forget-me-not and on the other a rose. Under both the date, July 25, 1828, written in my own hand. As I think over those days, they seem so unique and so beautiful that they come back like a dream. I could scarcely believe now that I ever lived through them, if I did not still have some precious memorials of that epoch! . . .

Friday, March 12. — The Professorin [Melos] visited me with Ida. She confided that on May Day she is going back to Eisenach to take charge of a girls' school, because her daughter is getting so old that she no longer wants Englishmen in the house. I did not seek to dissuade her, but gave her some advice. I was delighted with Ida and cut her five quill pens.

H. Plunkett visited me at dinner. There was some conversation, during which I looked through the landscapes of Claude Lorrain. Again I thought of Auguste all day long. I leafed over my poems and found under one of them a few words written in her hand — a discovery which made me as happy as if I had found a treasure. I decided not to let this copy get out of my hands, but to give the owner another one. I also thought of having some bound up for Fräulein Muller. It is remarkable. All day long I had been very anxious about Auguste and had even found fault with her in my thoughts — God knows how bitterly! And now this unexpected bit of writing puts me in quite another mood and takes away all unfriendly thoughts of her. I am again fortunate enough to think of her with the purest devotion.

Saturday, March 13. — Plunkett and Candler visited me at noon. I am feeling better, but cannot yet go out. Toward evening I was delighted to see Ida with Marie, who stayed until about seven o'clock. I showed them Claude Lorrain's landscapes, and they were delighted with some pictures of ships and harbors, as well as other landscapes with flocks of goats and cows going through the water.

Sunday, March 14. — Dreamed a great deal about *Die Stumme von Portici* to-night. I tried in every way to get into the theatre, and finally managed to go behind the scenes, where I found Frau von Spiegel, Melanie, General Egloffstein's wife,

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and some other ladies who — like myself — had not been able to find room in the dress circle. The whole house was so full that they set benches in one corner of Ullmann's house and people paid the full admission fee for this. I was glad to be behind the scenes, and even if I could not see Auguste, I could at least hear her voice. As she had no part in this opera, she sang something else from another, in the character of a vampire. Toward eleven o'clock Ida and Marie again visited me and I showed them the other landscapes of Claude Lorrain. After these dear children had gone, I shut myself up and was lucky enough to make the change in the King's poem. Toward evening I made a final draft of it and was quite content.

Monday, March 15. — Delightful spring day. I feel better. My arm is almost well again. Plunkett and Lord Beauclerk pay me another visit. Out once more, and read the *Piccolomini* with Candler, in which I was especially pleased by Max and Thekla. At table with the Professorin and the English. From four to six, a long walk along the road through the fields. At the theatre the *Iceland Hunters*, which leads me to observe that this play is far behind our culture. After the third act I went home and found a letter from Barnhagen von Ense in Berlin. Later a serious talk with Goethe.

Tuesday, March 16. — In the morning Herr von Goethe visited me and announced that his long-contemplated journey to Italy was decided on, that his father had granted the necessary money, and that I was to go with him. We were both overjoyed at this news and talked a great deal about preparations. As I went past Goethe's house toward noon, Goethe himself beckoned me from the window. I went quickly to him. He was in the front room, very bright and cheerful, and began to talk about his son's journey, said that it was very cheap, very sensible, and that he was glad I was going too. 'It will be a good thing for both of you,' he said, 'and your culture will not be the worse for it.'

Then he showed me a Christ with two Apostles, and we spoke of the dullness of such figures as subjects for a sculptor's representation.

[Here follows Goethe's discussion of a cycle of twelve Biblical figures in their characteristic attitudes with insignificant variations, just as it appears in the later edition of the *Conversations* under the date of March 16, 1830.]

At table with Frau von Goethe, where we talked about almost nothing except our Italian journey. At five o'clock I accompanied Prince Karl in his hour of exercise, then I went to Erfurter Strasse and had the luck to see Auguste and talk a great deal with her.

Wednesday, March 17. [The conversation with Goethe over various readings in his poems and the *Helena*, just as it appears under this date in the second volume of *Conversations*.]

In the theatre this evening *Don Carlos*, where I saw Auguste from a distance and where it seemed to me I felt the effect of her glance.

Thursday, March 18. — Began the morning with Italy. At table at noon with the English. I am not very well and not in the best mood, and I find that the prospective Italian journey contributes to this. On this occasion I had the following thoughts: A man needs all his mind and all his mental powers for the present. Indeed, he lives and enjoys himself only in so far as he deals with and concerns himself with the day at hand. If a knowledge

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of the future should draw his thoughts away from the present, then he would be living in a situation that I might call nothingness, since his reflections and considerations of the future would not be satisfied and the present would have no effect upon him. If we knew on our entrance into the world all the joy and sorrow that lie in wait for us, life would not be worth living and we might much better be struck dead at birth.

After the meal a long walk on the Erfurter Strasse. In the evening I remained at home and wrote a letter to Auguste.

Friday, March 19. — I went on with my Italian studies and got a good many things ready in preparation for the prospective journey.

Saturday, March 20.— At table with Herr von Goethe. I went a little early. He was full of thoughts about the trip and showed me views of Geneva, and the roads over the Simplon Pass, and the most important points in Italy, so that we both had a kind of foretaste. At four o'clock at Prince Karl's and was delighted with the fine capacity of his mind and heart. Returning home, I found a letter from Auguste which delighted me. That evening, in the theatre, the great opera of *Don Juan*, which, being distraught by a variety of thoughts, I did not enjoy as I should have, and went home in the middle of the second act.

Sunday, March 21.— [This part of the diary corresponds to places in the second volume of the *Conversations*, dealing with Goethe's fondness for beautiful stairways — a taste which he brought back from Italy — and also with classic and romantic poetry.

Monday, March 22. — With the Chevalier Sir James Lawrence I was invited to Candler's in the Erbprinz. While we were in the street I saw Auguste and her mother coming in the distance, but when they saw us they turned around and took another route. When I saw that they avoided me in this way, I had a thousand different thoughts and was very unhappy.

I remembered, too, that in her last letter she had written that I must not tell anyone that she had written to me; and from all these hints I reached remarkable conclusions. At the table there was a good deal of discussion about the great English families and also about Moore and Lord Byron. The Chevalier found fault with Moore for fickleness and praised Lord Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* as equaling Pope and being better than Byron's later works.

Tuesday, March 23. — At table with the Professorin. At five I accompanied Prince Karl and Soret in the hour of exercise and went some distance down the Erfurter Strasse. On my way back, as I passed the theatre I met La Roche. We compared our watches and found that the hands pointed to the very same second. 'Our watches,' thought I, 'are pictures of our hearts, whose hands also point to the same object.'

I could not help wondering how it all would come out and whether the end would be tragic. My absence in Italy will bring things to a climax, and I must say that I am afraid of hearing and learning, when I come back, something that I shall not be glad to hear or to learn. When you come to consider it, women cause division among men and are at the root of all the trouble in life. But if there were no women, then men would not be aware of the world. Like the first leaves sprouting from the seed, they would pass away as they came.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE OLD INN SIGN: 1824

BY 'BAMBINO'

[*Bookman*]

THE roadway has a flinten face
And breath is like a steam,
While loud and taut upon the trace
Comes on the cantering team.
For at my Inn the coaches stop,
The fares they stay to dine,
When horses' hoofs come clip-a-clop,
Clip-a-clop, clip-a-clop
Before the old Inn sign.

Now fetch your fagots in, good lass!
Good ostler, fetch your hay!
And let the time in comfort pass
While man and horse delay.
For cheerless is the coach's top
And heavy is the load,
When horses' hoofs go clip-a-clop,
Clip-a-clop, clip-a-clop
Along the frosty road.

Now show the dame unto her chair,
Unboot her weary lord,
And set before them both good fare
With flagons on the board.
For welcome is the coach's stop,
And bravely shall they dine,
When horses' hoofs come clip-a-clop,
Clip-a-clop, clip-a-clop
Before the old Inn sign.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF ANATOLE FRANCE

M. JEAN JACQUES BROUSSON — who as secretary, friend, and disciple enjoyed for many years the privilege of almost daily conversation with Anatole France — is publishing a volume of his recollections, advance extracts from which appear in the Parisian weekly *L'Illustration*.

M. Brousson describes a stroll with Anatole France, in the course of which they chanced to pass the Panthéon.

'I saw the first shells fall over there when the city was besieged in 1870,' remarked France. 'These homicidal pyrotechnics delighted the street boys. No sooner would a shell burst than all the kids in the quarter would scramble to pick up the fragments. Blowing on their fingers, the little chaps would offer you shell fragments while they were still glowing, crying, "Hot chestnuts! Hot chestnuts!" You could not help admiring the courage of the little rascals, which was worthy of the ancients. Instead you gave them two sous for a shell fragment, and they risked their lives to get more.

'I have a special liking for this quarter. I lived here for a while in my youth, when I was very poor. My father had disowned me because I was writing verse. The poor man had the idea — rather queer for a bookseller — that the business of writing books was disgraceful and dangerous; but selling them — not at all! Where, pray, did writing them lead you? To prison or the almshouse. And, *mon Dieu*, the poor man was right! It led me to the Academy!

'I was living in those days way up under a mansard roof which was as big and as comfortable as a swallow's nest. In order to write I had to shove my little table on to the rain-spouting. It was not very convenient on rainy days; then I would work in my bed. But in fair weather I used to see the shadows of birds and clouds sweep across the paper on my dizzy perch. And then besides, my friend, I had feminine neighbors. Ignorant though I was, I used to give them lessons, and they gave me lessons too. Their science exceeded mine a good deal, for it was love, the great science. From my bed I could look across to the cupola which had been stolen from St. Genevieve to cover the relics of republican saints.'

M. Brousson pointed over to the Panthéon, remarking: 'There, *mon cher maître*, is where you will sleep your last sleep, side by side with your great friend Voltaire and your great enemies Jean Jacques and Hugo.' Instantly Anatole France's face lost its smile, and he drew away sulkily.

'It 's very cruel of you,' said he, 'to sow my path with asphodels and immortelles. And who has been telling you that they 'll put me there?'

'Well, they put Zola there — '

'Ah! An epigram!'

'Not at all, cher maître! Simply the expression of my admiration — clumsy perhaps, but at least sincere.'

'Well, I will pardon you. Let 's talk no more of the Panthéon. In my will — I am going to drop everything else and draw it up this very evening, for I won't go to bed without putting my

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wishes to bed — in my will, as I was saying, I shall state that I wish to be buried like everybody else, in the cemetery of my Quarter, in the fields of the silent goddess.'

M. Brousson describes France browsing round the bookstores along the Seine and buying an old Quintilian for twenty-five francs. He also describes a stroll in the Luxembourg Garden, where he suggested to France the probability of statues to his memory — a subject on which France was always sensitive, though a couple of years ago he was induced to make a speech at the dedication of the first of them.

'I am very fond of these green lawns and alleys,' Anatole France confided. 'When I was a librarian over there in the Palais du Senat, it was my school, my duty, my task. The Luxembourg Garden was my playground, a playground full of roses. Many a time, waiting for the end of the sessions in order to escape from the library, I used to consign our conscript fathers to the Devil. These Gerontii, battling about their laws, were far less interesting than the youngsters busy building chimerical cities of sand about a jet of water.'

'There is one of your friends,' said M. Brousson, pointing to a monument to Leconte de Lisle, standing in the middle of a stretch of lawn.

'What a horror! An abominable thing! Between ourselves, Leconte de Lisle was no friend of mine. Far from it. He was my colleague in the Senate library, no more.'

'But he was a great poet.'

'Very likely. But I never knew a coarser or more stupid fellow. What pride! What ignorance! This so-called translator of Homer did not know a word of Greek. In order to make the rockiest verses of the century he had to turn to Latin or French translations. He never embraced the fair Greek form directly. He was a wild man in his Sunday best.'

'But, cher maître, opposite him they will put up, perhaps, — many years from now, I am sure, — another monument to another librarian of the Senate. It will be amazing to see the bust of the author of *Thaïs* set on top of a block of stone. Perhaps they will go so far as to sculpture all of you, in a Roman toga or romantic dress.'

'No, no, I beg you! You poison my life with your imaginations.'

'And beside the imposing marble statue there will be a bronze one — of a pretty girl.'

'Ah, good, I agree! If there is a pretty girl there I should n't mind standing on my column for eternity. I shall be very discreet, very discreet.'

'She will be a beautiful allegorical figure like your colleague Leconte de Lisle has over there, with waving wings.'

'No, no waving wings! I don't like winged ladies. I 'm not used to them, never having encountered any. And anyhow, I cannot stand allegories — at least modern allegories. Usually they are triumphs of folly and dullness. You are a wretched fellow. I have a good mind to take back the beautiful Quintilian which I have just broken myself to buy for you, you ungrateful wretch! Just now these terraces, and alleys, and lawns, and children, these jets of water with their rainbows, these cooing doves — the whole promenade — seemed to me like an Eden. You breathe on it with your impertinent mouth, and, behold! the beautiful park is ruined; it is no more than a cemetery. I see nothing but that funereal monument which you perversely insist on describing.'

There was a little silence while he gnawed his beard.

'That monument I shall never es-

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cape. I tell you, it will cost a lot, it will be very ugly, it will take up room. Why not give me the money and be done with it? But no, they give the thorns to the living and the roses to the dead.'

✽

TREASURES OF THE BENSON FAMILY

'My family, it would seem, is destined to die out,' says Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson pathetically, in making arrangements for placing various treasures of his distinguished family in the permanent custody of the Truro Cathedral, so long the scene of the labors of his distinguished father, Archbishop Benson. Arthur Christopher Benson is a bachelor of advancing age, and so also is his brother, the novelist, Edward Frederic Benson. No others of the family are left — hence the importance of disposing of the various interesting and important documents that they possess.

'My father's life and affections were so knit up with Truro,' Mr. Benson adds, 'that I am placing as many little relics of him as I can collect in the Cathedral library there. His robes are all there, and all his personal belongings of daily use; and now I am sending books and papers. There are some very interesting things among them. A copy of the *Dream of Gerontius* marked throughout by General Gordon's pencil, and given to my father by Miss Gordon. Some of my father's endless notebooks, a detailed account of the statuary at Rheims, which he made as a young man, little interesting points about Kent churches, noted down when he was Archbishop, books given him by Queen Victoria, by Bishop Wordsworth, by Dean Church, the service books of many royal ceremonies which he conducted, books of devotion, most of his great collection of hymns, his *Christian Year*, full of dates and anniversaries, and the tiny classical volumes which he took with him on all railway journeys.

'Then there are a number of volumes belonging to my elder brother Martin, who died as a brilliant schoolboy at Winchester, many of them diligently inscribed, which my father kept together by him.

'I do not say that these are great treasures; but no one that I have ever known was so full of forceful and vehement life as my father. He preserved everything, because he felt that whatever he was doing was the most important and interesting thing he had ever had to do; and thus, if I can assemble at Truro most of these old records, the time may come when it will be of almost historical interest to have so many personal details stored up in the Cathedral of which he may almost be called the founder.

✽

VALERY BRUSOV

Valery Brusov, the poet, has died in Moscow in his fifty-first year. The Soviet press celebrates his memory in appreciative articles, as Brusov was one of the few writers and poets of established literary reputation who found their way to a satisfactory compromise with the Soviet Government and remained in Russia without being deprived of opportunity to continue writing.

Valery Brusov began his poetic career early, and from the beginning he was a revolutionary poet — so far, at least, as the form of his writings was concerned. At the time when his poetic gift reached its development the Russian poets as a whole experienced a tendency to revert from political affairs to pure art. This tendency gave encouragement to many young poets who thought it their vocation to play at mere words, but,

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to use the words of Lunacharskii in *Pravda*, 'Brusov differed greatly from the common run of the æsthetes and symbolists in that he had a scientific turn of mind and even in poetry demanded of himself the greatest precision in form. At the same time, he had an intuitive foreboding of the revolution, which he always accepted either submissively or enthusiastically. When it came, he felt his unity with the great movement.'

During the last years of his life Brusov was director of the Institute of the Art of the Word, which he himself had created.

✤

THE SINS OF FISHERMEN

THIS squib from the London *Morning Post* — ordinarily a staunch defender of property and all its rights — is for anglers only: —

An angler asked a fellow sportsman if he could tell him of a really good fishing ground. 'Yes,' he replied, pointing to a path marked 'Private.' 'Go along there until you come to a field marked "No Road." Cross it, and on the other side you will find a copse where there is a board which says, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." In the middle of that you will find a pond marked "No fishing allowed." That's the spot.'

✤

A NEW ARTIST

AN exhibition of the work of a new English artist, Mr. Graham Sutherland, is attracting attention in London. The excellence of Mr. Sutherland's etchings, one of which, 'Old English Architecture,' is reproduced in this issue of the *Living Age*, is the more remarkable in view of his extreme youth — he is not yet twenty.

The exhibition as a whole is said to show marked influence by Rembrandt among ancient etchers and by Mr. F. L. Griggs among the moderns. The critic of the *Morning Post* praises him for his sense of the picturesque and of line. Among the prints which are specially mentioned are 'Adam and Eve,' 'Morning Camp,' 'Waterloo Bridge,' and 'An Essex Shed.'

✤

THE WORLD'S LARGEST KORAN

OF all the strange and precious objects — of art and otherwise — that have been auctioned off at Sotheby's in London, one of the strangest came up for sale last month. It was a Koran — intended for use in a mosque — which is said to be one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world.

The book is four feet tall, with pages two and a half feet wide, and is a foot thick. The covers are of wood. It takes two men to lift this truly ponderous tome. Each page contains but ten lines of script, which is four inches high, and the borders are richly illumined with floral designs. The whole book is covered with gold brocade. It was sold to an Oriental for two hundred pounds, and will probably go back to its home in the ancient East. For the same reason that leads curators of museums to juxtapose ostriches and humming birds, the auctioneers offered for comparison a tiny Koran measuring one and a half inches square.

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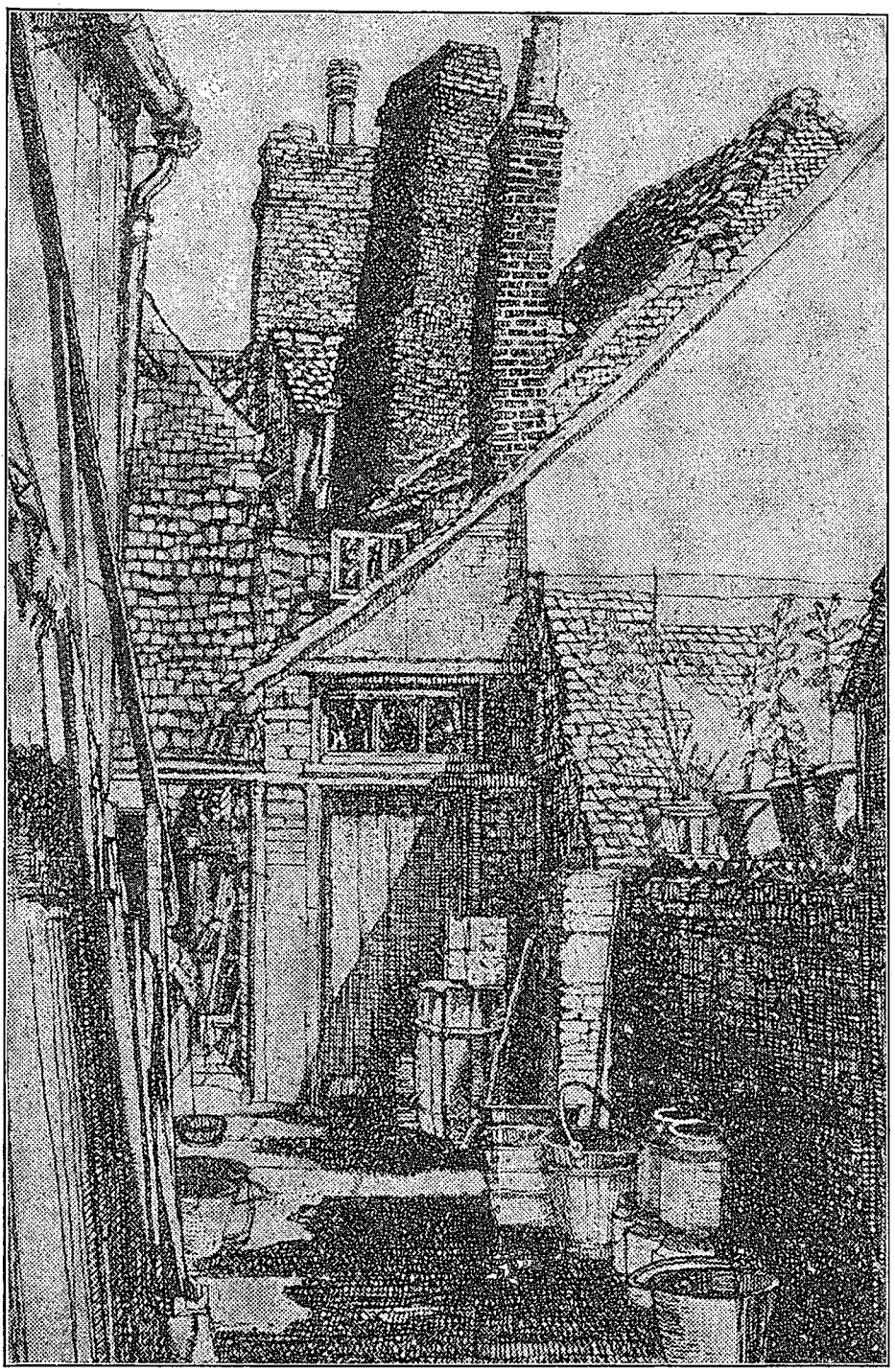

Old English Architecture
By Graham Sutherland

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LE PROCUREUR HALLERS[1]

BY HENRI DE GORSSE AND LOUIS FOREST

THE title rôle in *Le Procureur Hallers* was one of Firmin Gémier's early successes at the Théâtre Antoine in the days when the band of pioneers at that lively little playhouse was clearing the way for the modern movement on the French stage. When, two years ago, he became Director of the Odéon, Gémier revived the play successfully and has now brought it with him to America. The play is an adaptation made from Paul Lindau's novel, by Henri de Gorsse and Louis Forest. Its theme is dual personality.

M. le Procureur Hallers — we should call him a 'district attorney' in America — suffers a terrible shock when his friend and neighbor Arnoldy refuses to consider him as a suitor for the hand of his sister, Mlle. Agnes, because M. Hallers is already middle-aged. Mlle. Agnes Arnoldy comes in with Emmy, the sister with whom Hallers lives, to see a new portrait of Mlle. Hallers — the picture becomes important later in the play. Tenderly solicitous when she sees that Hallers is obviously overworking, Agnes makes him promise to leave his desk each evening when he hears her piano in the Arnoldy apartments immediately above. But meantime she has a case for the Procureur. She has been attacked by an unknown ruffian and robbed of her watch — the same watch that a few months before her maid Roucha La Rouge was sent to prison for stealing. Hallers consoles her. Roucha must be out of prison by this time, and some admirer of hers is obviously guilty. He promises to catch the thief. The ladies go and Hallers falls to work on an address which he is to deliver before a congress on criminology, ridiculing the idea that criminals may not always be responsible for their misdeeds.

But his old friend and physician, Dr. Feldermann, who calls to examine him, is not so sure. He describes some recorded Jekyll-and-Hyde cases of dual personality. Hallers scoffs.]

HALLERS. All that stuff is fit for a novel. Do you mean to tell me that tomorrow or the day after, in a couple of hours, you, Arnoldy, or you, Feldermann, might be smitten with this malady and suddenly lose your personality?

DR. FELDERMANN. Of course. This disease — for that is what it is — lies in wait for us precisely as pneumonia, typhoid, or any other accident.

HALLERS (*violently*). No, no, I don't believe it!

ARNOLDY. But all the same —

[The doctor goes, and Hallers sits down to work.]

HALLERS. Half-past eleven! How my head hurts. What extraordinary ideas Feldermann has! A brain in which there are two independent intelligences — that's nonsense. Come, let's get to work. Here's something more important. (*He begins to read over the manuscript of his lecture.*) 'Consider, gentlemen. Consider into what a gulf we should fall if we were to admit

[1]By special arrangement with M. Firmin Gémier, Director of the Odéon.

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the theory of irresponsibility. Each time that —' (*From the apartment above comes the sound of Agnes's piano, the signal she had promised. It is Grieg's 'Berceuse,' beautifully played but muffled by distance.* HALLERS *smiles and glances up with an air of gratitude.*) She is keeping her word! Time to stop. Agnes! Dear, dear Agnes! How lovely that music is. (*Leaning back in his chair he falls asleep, little by little, still smiling. After a moment his expression becomes harsh and sombre. He seems to be suffering physically. He mutters a few incomprehensible words. The music can still be heard above. Hallers moves, opens his eyes, stares into space a moment, then looks up angrily and rises with difficulty.*) Oh, damn that music! (*His face is unrecognizable. After staring as if hypnotized into the fire, he takes off his frock coat and puts on an old one, moving like an automaton. He puts on an old scarf, jams a shabby hat on his head, brings out the watch and chain stolen from Agnes, and slips them into his pocket, together with a revolver and a knife. That done, he turns up his coat collar, glances stealthily about, and climbs out of the window. The piano plays on while the curtain falls.*)

[We find him next in an Apache den, where his gang is already assembled, waiting for their leader, *Le Prince*, who is Hallers's other personality. Among them is Roucha la Rouge, formerly Agnes's maid, now Le Prince's sweetheart. There is a knock at the door.]

FINGRING. That's him, there he is!

DICKERT. Yes, that's him all right!

LE GROS CHARLES (*to* SCHIMMEL). Open up quick!

(SCHIMMEL *draws the latch.* HALLERS *appears and closes the door. He is dressed as at the close of the first act.*)

HALLERS (*in a strange, vague voice*). Hello, everybody! (*He pauses at the head of the stairs and draws his hand over his forehead like someone searching for a thought, hesitates for a moment, then counts them.*) Le Gros Charles, Fingring, Dickert, Schroettel — everybody here! First-rate! If punctuality is the politeness of kings, it ought to be the politeness of rogues, too. (*They all look at him in admiration.*)

DICKERT (*speaking low*). *Mazette!* He sure can talk!

LE GROS CHARLES. Talk! Like a deputy or a commercial traveler!

HALLERS. I have a little job on for this evening.

ALL (*excited*). Aha!

HALLERS. But it is n't quite time.

ALL (*disappointed*). Oh!

HALLERS (*to* ROUCHA). Come here, Roucha. Oh, come on! (*Calling*) Schimmel!

SCHIMMEL. What is it?

HALLERS. Serve anything they want. I'll pay for it.

Le Gros Charles (*with enthusiasm*). There's a man for you!

(*While* SCHIMMEL *takes their orders,* ROUCHA *goes aside to a little table, where she sits with* HALLERS *while the others begin to eat and drink.* HALLERS *takes her hand and looks at her tenderly.*)

ROUCHA (*in a bad humor*). Well, is that all you have to say for yourself?

HALLERS. What's the matter? Are n't you glad to see me?

ROUCHA. Well, why did you keep me waiting this afternoon? Why did n't you come when you had a date with me?

HALLERS. A date with you? I had n't any date with you.

ROUCHA. You know perfectly well you had. I waited and shivered for two hours. It was cold. And you never came.

HALLERS (*very much surprised*). I don't remember having a date with you. Are you sure about it?

ROUCHA. What? Am I sure? Why, it was only last evening that you —

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HALLERS (*suddenly remembering*). Oh yes, that's right. I remember now. You refused and I insisted.

ROUCHA. *Dame!* It seems to me —

HALLERS. Yes, yes! I should have come. *Ah ça!* What was I doing this afternoon?

ROUCHA. Don't ask me to tell you.

HALLERS. That's queer. I think and think and yet I can't remember. You know, it's tough to have a memory like that! I never remember anything after a few hours. (*He lifts his glass, but* ROUCHA *snatches it from him.*)

ROUCHA. You're drinking too much.

HALLERS (*still searching in his memory*). But what was I doing this afternoon?

ROUCHA. Don't bother, if you don't remember.

HALLERS. But it's mighty queer all the same. Anyhow, Roucha, I'm sorry and I want you to believe that if I failed to keep my word it was n't because I meant to.

ROUCHA. All right, all right.

HALLERS. And to prove that I was thinking of you, I've brought you a pretty little present.

ROUCHA (*joyous*). You brought me a present?

HALLERS. *Dame!* I certainly did n't intend it for the King of Prussia.

ROUCHA. Oh, that's nice. Show it to me right away!

HALLERS. Just a minute, just a minute! Did you bring what you promised me?

ROUCHA. My photo? It's in my little bag.

HALLERS. Give it here.

ROUCHA (*holding it out*). There you are!

HALLERS (*admiring*). Yes, that's very good. No denying that's you. Look here!

ROUCHA. Oh, a watch and chain! I always wanted one! (*She looks at it, then recognizes it and cries out.*) Ah!

HALLERS. What's the trouble?

ROUCHA (*handing it back*). I don't want your old watch. You can keep it.

HALLERS. Why?

ROUCHA. Because I know whose it is and where it comes from.

HALLERS. What has that got to do with it?

ROUCHA. I know who you are now. (*Deliberately*) You're Monsieur le Procureur Hallers!

HALLERS. Oh, that story again!

ROUCHA (*getting up*). Yes, yes, that's who you are, is n't it?

HALLERS. Now you're beginning again.

ROUCHA. Are you going to deny it?

HALLERS. I tell you, you're crazy!

ROUCHA. Crazy? I know what I'm talking about, I do. Two weeks ago, when you first came here, I knew you. I was going to give you away, but you had such a look — I did n't dare. And then you kept on staring at me and came up and talked to me in a voice that was n't your voice, in a voice that was quite different from your voice that day when you were in court with the rest of the lawyers — and you said such nice things to me. I did n't give you away after all. But each time I saw you the suspicion came back. 'Yes, it's him all right,' I kept saying to myself, 'and he's here on business. He wants to get people to steal and then have them arrested.' But then, when I looked closer, I kept saying, 'No, it is n't him. He has the same eyes, but not the same look, and he has n't the same voice, and he does n't stand the same way.' And in the end I said to myself, 'I guess I must be crazy.'

HALLERS. *Parbleu!*

ROUCHA. But to-day, when you come bringing me Mlle. Agnes's watch so I can be arrested for stealing it like you had me arrested the last time — no, I've no more doubt! (*Getting more and more excited*) I know who you are now. You're le Procureur Hallers!

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HALLERS (*as if trying to get his ideas together*). Listen, Roucha! I'm sorry that you're upset, but I tell you you're mistaken. You talk about things and names I never heard of. I tell you, I don't understand.

ROUCHA (*insisting*). Then if you're not the Procureur, who are you?

HALLERS. Who am I?

ROUCHA. Well, you can tell me, can't you? There's nothing hard about that.

HALLERS. You know, that's a question I never asked myself.

ROUCHA (*disturbed*). *Hein!*

HALLERS. Yes, yes. Now it may seem queer to you, but I have a feeling, you know, that I never asked myself that very simple question: Who am I and where did I come from?

ROUCHA. *Par exemple!*

HALLERS. It's no good asking myself that question and fumbling around in my memory. (*He strikes his forehead.*) Stirring up all the thoughts in here I never find a thing. I don't know who I am!

ROUCHA. That's not sense!

HALLERS. No, no, I'm telling the truth. There must be something that gets away from me. Maybe you know about it. You could put me on the right track. Do you want to help me?

ROUCHA (*puzzled*). I'd like nothing better.

HALLERS. Tell me, when did I come here for the first time?

ROUCHA (*trembling*). About two weeks ago.

HALLERS. Two weeks! Yes, that must be it. I remember now. I came in one night by accident. You were over there by the table where they are drinking.

ROUCHA. Yes, yes!

HALLERS (*still searching in his mind*). I see what I did last night and the night before and the night before that, and all the other nights. I see what I did here and what I did outside with the rest of the gang, but when I get back of that two weeks I don't see a thing — it's all empty.

ROUCHA. Oh!

HALLERS. I guess you're right, La Rouge. I must have a screw loose.

[Through some strange whim of the divided mind, Le Prince leads his gang to rob the house of Hallers, his other personality. As the curtain rises the Procureur's office is lighted by the moon, shining through the still-open window. Hallers, in his thief's clothes, climbs in, slinks like a wolf to the centre of the room, listens at the door, then goes quickly back to the window.]

HALLERS (*looking out*). Hello, you down there! Come on, quick now!

(LE GROS CHARLES *and* DICKERT *climb through the window.*)

LE GROS CHARLES. *Ah ça!* You must have been here before. You have the key of the garden!

DICKERT. And how do you know the road so well?

HALLERS. Don't worry over that.

LE GROS CHARLES AND DICKERT. But —

HALLERS (*imperiously*). Don't worry over that, I say.

DICKERT. *Nom d'une pipe* —

HALLERS. I don't like questions, you know. (*He lights a lamp.*)

LE GROS CHARLES (*frightened*). What're you doing? What's got over you?

DICKERT. Are you crazy?

HALLERS (*sure of himself*). The only people who get pinched are the ones that try to hide. Every man has a method of his own, and this is mine.

LE GROS CHARLES. Yes, but all the same —

HALLERS. Enough! (*There is a pause.* LE GROS CHARLES *and* DICKERT *look around curiously.*)

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DICKERT. *Mazette!* Looks rich enough!

LE GROS CHARLES. Easy to see a swell lives here.

DICKERT. Suppose somebody came in?

HALLERS (*making a stabbing gesture*). So much the worse for him. I don't like to be bothered when I'm at work. See?

LE GROS CHARLES (*admiringly*). Believe me, he's a wonder, this boy!

HALLERS (*looking around*). Come now, pull down the curtains. We'll pack the swag in them. (LE GROS CHARLES *and* DICKERT *go to the door to carry out* HALLERS'S *orders.* LE GROS CHARLES *pauses at the table, looks down, and reads.*)

LE GROS CHARLES. *Hein! Quoi!* (*Amazed*) '*Cabinet du Procureur:* Judgment in the case of — ' (*To* HALLERS) Say, look here, have you brought us to a magistrate's house?

HALLERS (*vaguely*). To a magistrate's?

LE GROS CHARLES. Sure! Look at this! (*He lifts out some papers and reads.*) 'Address before the Congress of Criminology by the Procureur Hallers.'

HALLERS. Hello, that's funny!

DICKERT. I don't see anything funny about that!

HALLERS. It would be funny if we had come to the house of Procureur Hallers!

LE GROS CHARLES. How's that?

HALLERS (*mysteriously*). Because of some things that Roucha La Rouge was saying to me. You two would n't understand.

LE GROS CHARLES. Well, old boy, it cheers me up a lot to know I'm stealing from a lawyer.

DICKERT. Me too.

HALLERS (*growing impatient*). Hurry up with those curtains.

(LE GROS CHARLES *and* DICKERT *begin to take down the curtains while* HALLERS *goes over to the desk. He picks up a paper-knife mechanically, looks at it indifferently, then gives a sudden start as if he recognized it. He looks more closely, then he puts it down, takes up a bundle of papers, opens it, and makes a new movement as if of surprise. His forehead wrinkles, his glance becomes more attentive. He seems to be trying to think. He lifts his head, runs his hand over his forehead, then suddenly perceives the portrait of his sister Emmy standing on its easel. He receives a shock, makes a step toward the easel, then stands motionless staring at the portrait. By this time* LE GROS CHARLES *and* DICKERT, *having taken down the curtains, have begun to tumble all articles of value into them.*)

LE GROS CHARLES (*calling out*). Prince! Oh I say, Prince!

HALLERS (*vaguely*). Yes, yes, I'm coming. (*He continues to stare at the portrait.*)

LE GROS CHARLES (*coming up to* HALLERS). Don't be a fool. She is n't for you, you know, nor for me, either. (*As* LE GROS CHARLES *tries to draw him away,* HALLERS *stumbles like a drunken man.*) Hello, what's the matter?

HALLERS (*more and more vaguely*). No, no, it's nothing, it's nothing.

(LE GROS CHARLES *and* DICKERT *go into another room, leaving* HALLERS *alone. He leans silently on the desk for a while, then slowly turns his head until he can see his sister's portrait again. A fresh shock. He goes up to the easel and begins to stare at it as he did the first time. One can see now, however, that his mind is beginning to collect itself. There are a few tense seconds. Then* HALLERS, *as if he has suddenly found himself, brings his hand quickly to his forehead and, as if emerging from a dream, draws it across his eyes. He looks almost as if he vaguely recognizes the place, then automatically, with the step of a sleepwalker, moves off toward the little closet where he left his frock coat.*)

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[At this instant the police arrive. Le Gros Charles and Dickert are captured, but Hallers emerges in his usual dress, asserting in all good faith that he fell asleep at his desk and must have been chloroformed by the thieves. The astounded criminals conclude that it is all a trick on the part of the Procureur, but an unexpected visit from Roucha La Rouge next morning reveals the truth to Hallers and his friends, Dr. Feldermann and Arnoldy.]

HALLERS. *Voyons*, don't tremble so. You have something to say to me?

ROUCHA. Yes.

HALLERS. What about?

ROUCHA (*hesitating, in a low voice*). About — about — what happened last evening — (*The three men look at each other. There is a pause.* ROUCHA *can hardly go on.*) — over there. I needed a pretext for coming. But after what happened last evening —

HALLERS. You mean what happened here?

ROUCHA. No, over there.

HALLERS. What *are* you driving at? Well, anyhow, what was the pretext?

ROUCHA (*holding out the watch*). This, Monsieur le Procureur.

ARNOLDY (*recognizing it*). Why, this is the watch that was stolen from my sister!

HALLERS (*quickly to* ROUCHA). Why is this watch in your possession?

ROUCHA (*amazed*). It is a gift that *somebody* gave me —

HALLERS. Who is 'somebody'?

ROUCHA. I don't know if I ought —

HALLERS. These objects were stolen. You must tell me how they happen to be in your possession. Who gave you that watch?

ROUCHA. Must I tell?

HALLERS. Yes.

ROUCHA. Must I tell it in front of him? And him?

HALLERS. Yes.

ROUCHA. Well, it was you, Monsieur le Procureur.

HALLERS (*jumping up*). I? You're crazy! This is going to cost you dear!

ROUCHA. Oh, Monsieur le Procureur!

DR. FELDERMANN (*intervening once more*). Hallers, why don't you let the poor girl explain herself?

HALLERS. What! You expect me to listen to this folly, this infamy!

DR. FELDERMANN. It is necessary.

HALLERS (*in a voice choked with emotion*). All right.

DR. FELDERMANN (*to* ROUCHA). Now, my girl, you pretend that Monsieur le Procureur gave you that watch?

ROUCHA. Yes.

DR. FELDERMANN. Can you say where you were when he gave it to you?

ROUCHA (*after a stolen glance at* HALLERS). It was at the Canard Boiteux.

HALLERS. The Canard Boiteux?

ROUCHA. Yes, a cabaret in the Faubourg du Nord.

DR. FELDERMANN. Well, my girl, let me tell you that you have either made a mistake or been deceived by some resemblance. Monsieur le Procureur has not been out of the house to-night.

HALLERS. Quite right.

ROUCHA (*convinced*). Very well, then I'm mistaken. I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Procureur. (*She starts to withdraw, but* DR. FELDERMANN *detains her.*)

DR. FELDERMANN. One word more, Mademoiselle. (*He shows her the photograph.*) Do you know this photograph?

ROUCHA. Why, yes. That's the one I gave to the Prince last evening.

DR. FELDERMANN. To the Prince?

ROUCHA. Well, I mean — (*Her glance meets that of* HALLERS *fixed upon her and she stops.*)

DR. FELDERMANN. No use trying to stop now. You have said either too much or not enough. I order you to

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finish. To whom did you give this photograph? To the Prince? (ROUCHA *does not reply.*) Or to somebody else? (ROUCHA *still silent.*) Are you afraid of compromising someone? Someone whom you think may be one and the same person with the Prince? That's it, is n't it?

ROUCHA. No, no! (*Under the imperious glance of* DR. FELDERMANN.) Yes —

DR. FELDERMANN. *Eh bien,* now tell us who that person is.

ROUCHA. It is — it is — Monsieur le Procureur.

HALLERS. I — I? (*He is about to protest, but* DR. FELDERMANN *silences him with a gesture.*)

DR. FELDERMANN. Think what you are saying.

HALLERS. I don't know why you have come here to bring so extraordinary an accusation. Admit that you have lied.

ROUCHA (*springing up*). No, no, I did n't lie. And since all of you are going to torture me and trap me and threaten me, why, I'll tell everything — yes, everything. It *was* M. le Procureur who gave me that watch, and it *was* to him — yes it was — that I gave my photograph at the Canard Boiteux.

HALLERS. Oh, oh!

ROUCHA. Yes, Monsieur le Procureur, I gave *you* my portrait. For the Prince and you — you'll not deny it any more — are one and the same. Yes, it's you, it's you, it's you!

HALLERS. Enough, enough, be still! No more! (*He staggers back appalled by* ROUCHA'S *revelations, clasps his forehead with both hands in terror, and staggers like a drunken man to an armchair.*)

ARNOLDY (*low to* ROUCHA). Go, Roucha, go up to our apartment. We'll take care of you.

ROUCHA. Is it true that Monsieur le Procureur did n't know what he was doing? Did n't he know what he was doing over there?

ARNOLDY. No, Roucha, he did n't, but you must n't say anything to anyone. (*He pushes her gently to the door.*)

ROUCHA (*breaking into tears*). He did n't know! He did n't know! (ROUCHA *goes out.*)

DR. FELDERMANN (*to* HALLERS). Calm yourself!

HALLERS. But how do you expect me to be calm when I feel that there is another man in me? A man who makes me steal even from myself? To think that a few moments ago I was engaged in crime! (*He strokes his forehead.*) He is there, the burglar, in my brain. And who knows what he has made me do — what I have done — what we have done? It's appalling.

DR. FELDERMANN (*with authority*). Since you realize the seriousness of your illness, the moment has come to react, to fight.

HALLERS. To fight! But against whom? Against what? Against myself?

DR. FELDERMANN. No, against the other, against the thief.

HALLERS. How can I, since I do not know who he is?

DR. FELDERMANN (*affectionately*). Come, my dear friend, it is indispensable to find the exact moment when the other man slipped into your personality, the moment of the transformation. Try to remember. Last evening when we left you, you stayed here alone; is n't that right?

HALLERS. I worked. I tried to —

DR. FELDERMANN. And then? What happened then?

HALLERS (*searching in his mind*). It seems to me that I felt sleep coming over me little by little. Yes, I fell asleep, and it was at that moment that the horrible thing happened. I don't remember any more, I don't know any more!

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DR. FELDERMANN. Try!

HALLERS. Wait! Yes, yes, I think I remember. Just as I was falling asleep the piano began to play above — Mlle. Arnoldy's piano —

DR. FELDERMANN (*whispering something to* ARNOLDY, *who slips out*). And you listened a long time to what Mlle. Arnoldy played? Did you like the music, or did it seem disagreeable?

HALLERS. I rather think I liked it, because I remember saying, 'How lovely that music is!' (*At this moment from above the same air that was played in the first act begins again.*) Ah, there it is — the same thing! (*Suddenly he seems to live over the scene of the evening before.*) Oh, how lovely the music is! (ARNOLDY *comes in at this moment.* DR. FELDERMANN *signs to him not to move.* HALLERS, *on edge, tries to recall his memories. Then there is a repetition of the silent scene in the first act. Little by little his face becomes hard, terrible, and, as in the first act, he murmurs.*) Damn that music! (*He is on the point of becoming the Prince again, and he rises, as in the first act, and with the same stealthy step goes toward the closet. He begins to take off his frock coat.*)

DR. FELDERMANN (*calling to him*). Hallers! (HALLERS *pays no heed.*) Prince!

HALLERS (*turning instantly*). What?

DR. FELDERMANN. Where are you going?

HALLERS (*slowly becoming the Prince and speaking in his harsh voice*). Over there.

DR. FELDERMANN. To the Canard Boiteux?

HALLERS. What's that to you? I don't know who you are.

DR. FELDERMANN (*frightened, putting a hand suddenly on his shoulder*). Hallers! (*The sudden shock makes* HALLERS *cry out. He falls into an armchair in a nervous collapse.*)

ARNOLDY (*holding him up*). Hallers! My dear friend! You have friends around you!

(DR. FELDERMANN *signs to* ARNOLDY *to be still.* HALLERS *comes slowly to himself.*)

DR. FELDERMANN (*thinking the moment suitable to intervene decisively*). Hallers, the moment has come when you must get together the fragments of your dream. You must *see* the Prince. *Do* you see him? (*In an imperious tone*) Well, then, follow him.

HALLERS. Yes, yes, I see him. That's he, that's the Prince. That's not I. I see him, I see him. (*As if feeling a sudden cure*) Oh, my friends, my friends!

DR. FELDERMANN (*radiant*). And now that the bridge between your memories is made again, now that the Procureur Hallers remembers the Prince, do you not feel as if delivered?

HALLERS. Yes, perhaps. It seems as if something in me has changed.

DR. FELDERMANN. The future, Hallers, depends only upon you and upon your will.

HALLERS. To find myself again?

DR. FELDERMANN. No, to defend yourself against your other self. Do you feel strong enough for that?

HALLERS (*rising, sure of himself*). I shall know how to fight! I shall take all the time that is needed for that fight, but I shall come out of it free, the master of myself — the man you used to know, just as you knew him!

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Diary of Lord Bertie, Edited by Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, D.B.E. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 2 vols.

THERE is likely to be more discussion than agreement over Lord Bertie's Diary of his years of war and peace as British Ambassador in Paris; but whatever else the partisans may say whose pet opinions are sustained or assailed in the Ambassador's mercilessly personal record, and however chagrined the leaders may be whose shortcomings are unrelentingly set forth, no one — even in a public which has begun to weary of 'war books' — will deny either its interest or its importance. Here is a man who from his official position is necessarily in closest touch with the leaders both political and military in France and Britain. He is stationed in the one city where there is most to be known about the war. And when the war breaks out he has already occupied his Embassy for nine years, during which he has definitely thrown over the old tradition that limited the British Ambassador to exclusive circles, and has sought out representative Frenchmen of every class and station. Add that even his English supporters sometimes found him brutally frank, and it is easy to see why his diary is worth reading. It is, says *Public Opinion*, 'a very disconcerting book.'

The most startling 'revelation' is Lord Bertie's account of Marshal Joffre's threat to commit suicide during the darkest days of 1914; but the whole diary is a fascinating first-hand record: —

July 31, 1914. — When the Minister of Foreign Affairs sent for me this evening I imagined that it was for the purpose of giving me the answer of the French Government to the proposal which I communicated to him this morning in regard to a formula of arrangement between Austria and Russia. When I arrived at the Ministry the German Ambassador was with M. Viviani, and I went in just after the departure of the Ambassador. Naturally, from the character of the communication which M. Viviani had just received, he was in a highly nervous state and forgot all about the object for which he had sent for me. M. de Schoen could not say when the ultimatum to Russia expired. Evidently the Germans want to hurry matters before the Russians can be ready. M. de Schoen had sent a message of good-bye to the President of the Republic.

I saw Poincaré yesterday. He wants Asquith to make an announcement of standing by him; he is sure that this will prevent a general row.

August 15, 1914. — French arrived at the Gare du Nord by train from Amiens at 12.26 P.M., two minutes before the scheduled time. I met him at the station. The Minister of the Interior, the Prefect of Police, and the Assistant Chief of Staff, received him on behalf of the French Government; there was a Guard of Honor both outside and inside the station. Notwithstanding rain there was a great crowd near the station and a good many people all along the Rue Lafayette and the Boulevard, and he had a great reception.

It has been arranged that French and his Staff shall leave Paris to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, in automobiles, for the Headquarters of General Joffre, and after a conference with him French will go on to his own Headquarters. I suggested that he should be made acquainted at the War Office here with the general military situation, so that he might be able to discuss it with General Joffre with knowledge of it as known in Paris.

French told me that the sailors on watch in the Channel look strained. No wonder. What tension to the nerves to be always on the lookout! How many loved ones going will never return; it makes one's old heart ache at the thought of so much misery created for the ambition of kings.

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'*Ce sera la faillite des rois*,' said G., and they deserve it.

Viviani at to-day's interview with Poincaré looked harassed, nervous, and anxious. The Minister for War was more anxious to display his knowledge of English than to impart valuable information. By agreement, Poincaré spoke in his native tongue, and French in his own; I spoke in both as a go-between.

September 22, 1914. — Caillaux, who is Paymaster-General of the Army, has put in an unwelcome appearance here. He thought himself omnipotent and indispensable. When, at the end of August, there was a recasting of the Ministry, he thought that he would be in it; he unwillingly consented, as the Chef du Parti of the Rue de Valois, to Briand and Millerand and Ribot becoming Ministers; but Barthou, as the damning witness against him at the murder trial, he would not stand, and Barthou, who expected office, was set aside and has retired to his Département to look after the wounded. Caillaux, who ought to be performing his duties at Rouen, came here to intrigue; he went to the Ministry of the Interior; the Minister, Malvy, one of his Rue de Valois adherents, was out; Caillaux installed himself, sent for and gave orders to the Chef de Cabinet, telephoned to his wife, and acted as though he were Minister. Malvy found all this *de fort mauvais goût*. The War Minister, Millerand, had to intimate to Caillaux that, being a soldier now, he must return to his military duties and to them he had to go.

October 2, 1914. — The Germans had some reason to think they would not meet with armed opposition to their passage through Belgium. The Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs rejected the first demand by the German Minister for free passage, but when he returned with fresh assurances, and said that if the demand were not accorded it would be enforced by 1,200,000 soldiers, the Belgian Prime Minister threw up his hands, saying, 'What can we do in the face of such a situation?' The German Minister derived the conviction from this statement that no real resistance would be made. A Belgian millionaire, owner of a newspaper, got wind of this interview, and published an article in which it was said, '*A bas les Allemands!*' For this he was arrested by the Belgian Government, but the feeling thereby created and the consequent public demonstrations forced the Government to release him, and convinced the King and Government that they must resist the Germans. The millionaire, whose fortune has shrunk from about £800,000 to about £240,000 through German destructions, was one of the hostages for the payment of the fine of £8,000,000 sterling imposed on but not paid by the City of Brussels. He escaped. He says that one of the causes of the German Emperor's fury and of the severities which he ordered was the shooting of the Prince of Lippe by a woman cook with a fowling-piece from a window. As an instance of German spying he gives the following: While he was a hostage at Brussels he was very politely saluted by a German Staff Officer; he was surprised, and showed it. The officer then took off his cap and said: 'Don't you remember me? I was *maître d'hôtel d'étage* at your hotel.' The millionaire then recollected him.

October 4, 1914. — In 1913, and also I think in previous years, there figured a decree in the *Journal Officiel* settling the respective pays of Army officers, and though there has not been a Marshal of France since 1876, that rank was put down as receiving £1200 a year. At the beginning of the present year the decree appeared with no mention of a Marshal, but quite recently that rank and its pay reappeared in a decree. The intention was, I hear, that if Joffre gained a great battle on the Aisne, and hustled the Germans out of France, the President of the Republic, the President of the Council, and the War Minister were to go to the General's headquarters in order to give the *bâton* of *Maréchal*. They go thither this afternoon, but whether the *bâton* will be given I don't know.

October 9, 1914. — If Joffre be victorious, and succeed in obtaining Alsace-Lorraine for France, he may do anything he may please — even be a combination of Monk and Charles, and name the Charles. Many level-headed people seem to think that the result of the war will be a sweeping-away

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of the present governing cliques: it would be a sort of coup d'état, approved by a majority of the nation. Some fear that the French may tire of the war before Germany and the Hohenzollern Prussian military system has been annihilated, and that a rotten peace may be patched up: on this point England must be firm and insist on a fight to a finish, so as to put a real end to militarism. Her two big Allies cannot make peace without her concurrence.

October 16, 1914. — I have had a most interesting conversation with the official military Economist Adviser of the War Office here: he says that manufacturing life is going on much as usual in Germany, that there is food enough in the country and in Austria-Hungary to last seven months, and that, as we allow much materials and foodstuffs to reach Germany through neutral States, there will be no means but military occupation to bring the war to an end; such means will be difficult if not impossible of execution, for the possession of Antwerp, and practically of the whole of Belgium, will enable Germany to use Holland — whether willing or not — to supply herself more easily than hitherto.

The object, that of starving Germany, might perhaps be effected by understandings with those neutral States that they should prohibit the export from their territories of the articles we object to Germany receiving. They would probably refuse and, even if they accepted, the United States Government, the only Government which would count, might claim that the Declaration of London (1909) — which at the outbreak of the war we said we would observe in principle — put an end to the theory of continuous voyage, and that we have no right therefore to inquire what may be the ultimate destination of goods consigned to a neutral port in neutral ships. The only mode of possibly getting round the difficulty would be to square the United States Government, by arranging to buy any cargoes which would increase the neutral supply above its average receipt of such goods; I doubt this system being practical. The *Economist* claimed that, as Germany has broken all engagements standing in the way of the execution of her desires, we are entitled to act similarly toward her. We have, however, undertaken to the *American* Government to act on the principle of the Declaration of London. 'There 's the rub.'

October 20, 1914. — What hampers us dreadfully is that foolish Declaration of London, which the House of Lords wisely rejected and the Government unwisely adopted in part for this present war: it prevents us from controlling the importation, through neutral States, to Germany of articles which will enable her to continue the struggle much longer than if there were no such Declaration, and may have very serious results for us. It is fear of the United States, who sees fine opportunities for driving a roaring trade with Germany, that prevents us from asserting ourselves. We would snap our fingers at the other States such as Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland.

October 26, 1914. — Jules Cambon has been to see me. He told me some interesting things: that there is great discontent in the country at large at the ineptitude and want of preparation for war of successive Governments, owing to what is called *la cuisine politique*. At the end of the war, which may not be for a year hence or more, there will be a movement for a General Election, which the present Chamber will resist. Joffre, if ultimately victorious, will have the army with him and could do anything, but probably he has no ambition, and there is no worthy Pretender for him to do Monk to; if there were a Gambetta he would lead the country and the Chamber.

Cambon saw San Giuliano when laid up on what was to be his deathbed. As for the attitude of Italy in the war, S. G. said that there are three considerations affecting the question of her joining the Triple Entente — morality, opportuneness, and readiness. There must be a good reason and a good opportunity, and the Army must be ready, and it was not so. Jules Cambon told me that the German Emperor has sent back to their employment in Italy mobilized Germans who were in business there either as employers or employed, so that they might be — and they are — apostles of Germany in the war controversy and German methods. There

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is in that country an organized press propaganda in favor of Germany.

I asked Cambon whether the Emperor was personally responsible for the war or whether he had been forced into it by the Crown Prince and the Military Party, and what part the German Empress had played in the game. He said that in the frequent conflicts between the Crown Prince and the Emperor the Empress had always taken the son's part, that the Emperor had become very jealous of his son's popularity with the Army and the people as the apostle of extreme anti-French, anti-Russian, and particularly anti-English feelings. The Emperor had been overridden by the Crown Prince and the Military Party and saw that he must go with them or lose his position in Germany. The Chancellor and Jagow and Company hoped to carry matters by bluff, and felt sure that Belgium would merely protest and let the Germans pass, and that England would not actively intervene. No doubt the Emperor and the German Government were cognizant of the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was presented; they thought that Russia would talk but would not fight.

When war was probable, Cambon in a conversation with Jagow warned him that Germany would have to fight England as well as France and Russia, and though Jagow affected to disbelieve Cambon's statement it evidently produced an impression on him. Cambon went from Jagow to Goschen, to whom he recounted what he had said. Goschen told him that he (Goschen) had not been authorized by His Majesty's Government to use language of so definite a character.

'Never mind,' replied Cambon, 'if it succeeds in preventing war no harm will have been done. If England support France I shall have been a warning prophet. If England remain neutral, which in fact she will not be able to do, considering that it was at the instance of the British Government that the French Fleet went to the Mediterranean and left the Channel to be policed by the British Fleet, I shall have left Berlin as the representative of the enemy France and nobody can call me to account for having misled Jagow.'

November 10, 1914. — What a fool Isvolskii is! He said a few days since: — '*Je n'ai pas d'amis. J'ai des rivaux et il y a des hommes dont je me sers.*' At the beginning of the war he claimed to be its author: '*C'est ma guerre.*' Now he says: '*Si j'étais responsable en quoi que ce soit pour cette guerre je ne me pardonnerais jamais.*'

I have, from a good source, the following inner history of the dissolution of the Viviani Cabinet and its reconstruction at the end of August. Joffre found it impossible to act with Messimy as War Minister; he therefore sent a message to Poincaré to the effect that he could not resign in the face of the enemy, and that unless Messimy, whose direction spelt disaster, disappeared, he, Joffre, must commit suicide and give his reason by letter. Poincaré sent for Viviani with the result that he resigned and reconstituted a Cabinet, the whole thing being arranged, unbeknown to the doomed Minister, with Millerand and Delcassé and two Unified Socialists.

November 17, 1914. — I heard last night that in the early days of the German stay at Compiègne the Curator of the Palace was told by the General in command that there would soon be peace, for Paris would be taken; to the Curator's suggestions that the taking of Paris would not necessarily mean peace, the German replied that it would, for Paris would be divided into sections, and on the refusal of the German terms a section would be burned and on each successive French refusal a further section would be burned, and so on until the German terms were accepted.

December 25, 1914. — It is related here of a recent visit of Poincaré to the front that Joffre, being bored, said: 'I am accustomed to rest and, if possible, to sleep from 1:30 to 3 P. M., so I pray thee excuse me.' Poincaré looked very much astonished at this want of respect, and was about to remonstrate when he was cut short by Joffre's observation that as he had no political ambitions he did not care whether people thought his conduct odd or not.

Lord Bertie was no deep admirer of America's attitude in the early days of the war, but what he says is usually interesting and always pungent. Thus: —

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April 14, 1915. — Colonel House, President Wilson's intimate friend, who has been to London, Paris, *and* Berlin, on a fishing expedition to ascertain how American intervention would be appreciated, was at the Élysée yesterday. I understand that he does not think, from his Berlin visit, that the opportunity for intervention has yet arrived. Who, except perhaps Wilson and Company, could suppose that it had, or ever will? Let the Americans mind their own business, and keep their own Germans in order.

May 9, 1915. — I cannot get away from the horror of the Lusitania crime: it haunts me. It is unimaginable that there could be found, in these days of civilization, men debased enough to order such a crime, and a people to acclaim it. Alas that it should not be likely that those responsible will be brought to justice, and meet their deserts! I do not think that war between the United States and Germany would be of advantage to us, for Americans could not aid in any fighting yet, and they would claim to join in settling the terms of peace.

July 26, 1915. — I cannot believe that America will fight anyone: Wilson will write highly moral notes disagreeable alternately to Germany and to England; but he has to stand well with the citizens interested in cotton, and if we declared it absolute contraband we should injure the cotton interest and Wilson *might* retaliate by stopping the export of arms and munitions — on the pretext that they might be required for American use. We cannot establish an effective blockade of Germany because of German submarines, and the Americans contend that as commerce continues between Scandinavia and Germany there is not, in fact, a blockade of Germany, and we have no right to prevent trade between two or more neutral States, — that is, America with Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, — even if goods landed in one of these neutral States be intended to go on to Germany.

The truth is that America is doing a roaring trade in some things and a diminished one in others, and she wants to do a roaring trade in all things and not that one branch of commerce be put in the scales of compensation against another; she claims to have her cake and eat it. Possibly some arrangement might be made for us to buy part of the coming cotton crop: the difficulty would be the fixing of the quantities and prices, for the consumption of it, except for war uses, is shrinking in all the belligerent countries: are we to take for ourselves the normal consumption of Germany and Austria, or all that the Americans do not wish to keep? They talk a lot of rot about the freedom of the seas: in their North and South war the North declared the cotton of the South contraband, and they declared a blockade of about 3000 miles of coast, and the Northern Prize Court (the Supreme Court) upheld the 'continuous voyage' and 'ultimate destination' contention.

August 2, 1916. — The present conduct of the American Government is disgusting. For electoral purposes the President is trying to twist the lion's tail. If that animal showed his teeth the President would collapse. The French Government and press ought firmly to declare solidarity with us in the questions of blockade, seizure of mails, treatment of German submarines, whether combatant or so-called commercial ones. The Americans have forgotten the Lusitania, the Persia, and other such cases, and they are not wasting any crocodile's tears over the judicial murder of Captain Fryatt.

September 16, 1916. — We are getting on splendidly on the Somme. The new Turret motor steam-rollers are a disagreeable surprise to the Huns; they are now crying out that we are killing as many of them as we can by the superiority of our artillery and Air Service and that it is butchery. Of course it is, and the only way of dealing with such barbarians.

I hope that we shall be very firm with our American cousins. They don't mean fighting. They prefer making vast sums of money individually and doing a roaring trade with us. If we show hesitation in regard to the new American Retaliatory Law we shall encourage the President to do some electoral bluff; and he may take some step, relying on our giving way, which it would be difficult for him to retrace, and *we* cannot give way about the blockade.

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Reaching print, as it now does, just after Winston Churchill has accepted office in a Conservative Cabinet, one entry in Lord Bertie's Diary contains a shrewd bit of prophecy: —

May 11, 1916. — An arrival from London gives me the following information: W. Churchill is minded to *lead* the Unionist Party, as he was never *really* a Liberal! His regiment is being broken up, and he cannot after being in command return to a subordinate position in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry — he would be much more useful to the country in politics than in the Army! I thought that in war time no officer could leave the Army without special and good reasons.

There are two interesting entries relating to Marshal Foch: —

December 19, 1916.—The following comes to me from a private secret source: Foch is to be retired as having reached the limit of age. When he went to Joffre on the subject he was told that Castelnau had reported unfavorably on him. This Castelnau denied to Foch. Pétain and Franchet d'Esperey are to remain Commanders of groups of armies but to be moved from place to place as may be required. Joffre having been appointed Adviser of the War Committee, Castelnau will cease to be *Major-Général* and may be sent to Russia.

December 21, 1916. — The result of Foch's protests against his forced retirement is that he is to remain a Commandant of Army groups on the same conditions as Pétain and Franchet d'Esperey — that is, to be moved about from one set of Army groups to another as circumstances may require.

The present Queen of Rumania, then Crown Princess, who is of English birth, figures in another significant entry: —

February 22, 1915. — I have only lately learned the part played by the present Queen of Rumania (*née* Edinburgh) at the beginning of the war, when the Emperor Francis Joseph appealed to the King of Rumania to come to the aid of Austria and Germany, and after debate the chief politicians voted by a majority of eighteen to one for neutrality. Carmen Sylva was hot for Germany and so was the King. The Crown Princess (as she then was) said that England had never been beaten: she could and would go on for ten or even twenty years, until she won, and it would be folly for Rumania to fight against her! Bravo Edinburgh's daughter! She and the Queen had a violent altercation, but the Crown Princess stuck to her guns and her arguments had great effect on the politicians.

Inevitably the publication of such blunt statements meets with equally blunt rejoinder. A. G. Gardiner, writing in his column in *The Nation and the Athenæum* pooh-poohs the whole business: —

> The banality of the record would be amusing enough if it represented the mind, let us say, of a footman in Park Lane, but as the revelation of a person who had great affairs in his keeping it is not so much amusing as alarming. It has the vanity, inconsequence, and irresponsibility of the father in a suburban villa, and when one thinks of it in contrast with the higher-minded and statesmanlike spirit in which another ambassador, the late W. H. Page, was recording his contact with the same events, it furnishes a devastating comment on the depths to which the professional diplomacy of the Foreign Office can sink.

The *Morning Post*, in whose columns copious advance extracts of the Diary were printed, stands up for its contributor: 'The French regarded him as representative of the best type of English gentleman — and they were right.'

On its editorial page the same newspaper comments thus upon the revelations of the Diary: —

> What the intimate revelations of this Diary show is that men in high places singularly share the common failings of mankind.

✽

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COMING EXPOSITIONS ABROAD

Upon closing the Wembley Exposition the Prince of Wales intimated that it might be reopened next spring, and it is understood that negotiations to that effect are now in progress. On account of abnormally bad weather — even for England — the attendance last season was only a little over 17,000,000, or about one half what enthusiastic prophets predicted.

In the very heart of Paris, between the Champs Élysées and Les Invalides, an army of workingmen is busy preparing buildings and grounds for the coming Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Art. *L'Illustration*, in its issue of November 1, prints a plan of the grounds and several illustrations of its prospective features. The general purpose of the Exposition, which will open its gates next spring, is 'to bring the peoples of the world together in an effort to renew the beauty and elegance of life, to help them incorporate their artistic ideals and aspirations even in objects of everyday use.' Special days will be set apart for different trades and crafts, during which there will be appropriate fêtes.

Two of the most important features of our present economic system — water power and automobiles — are to be the subject of an industrial exposition which will open in Grenoble, in May 1925. From the point of view of the manufacturer and tourist alike, the choice of the city is a wise one, for Grenoble is not only a traffic centre, but it was also one of the first cities in Europe to develop water power. Its university will also attract many visitors. The corner stone for the Exposition buildings has already been laid by M. Herriot, and the plan calls for two large structures, one for each of the two exhibits, a pool with numerous large fountains playing in it, and a tower three hundred feet high. The Exposition is aimed to attract the general public as well as experts; and those who come to it will get a vivid idea of some of the marvels of modern science in a far more attractive setting than is often provided on such occasions.

L'Anno Santo is expected to bring pilgrims to Rome from every part of the world during the coming year — a million or more are said to be expected from America. Among the attractions will be a Missionary Exposition to illustrate the history and the methods of the missionary work of the Roman Catholic Church. The various pavilions which are to house it are reported by *La Tribuna* to be practically finished. They occupy a portion of the Vatican Gardens, the Cortile della Pigna and the Cortile della Carazza. One of the pavilions will contain a complete missionary library. Others will exhibit in various ways the history, ethnography, and statistics of missionary work to-day and in the past. Separate pavilions have been provided for exhibits relating to work among the American Indians, among the people of Asia, and among the people of Africa. Another pavilion will be devoted to medical missions.

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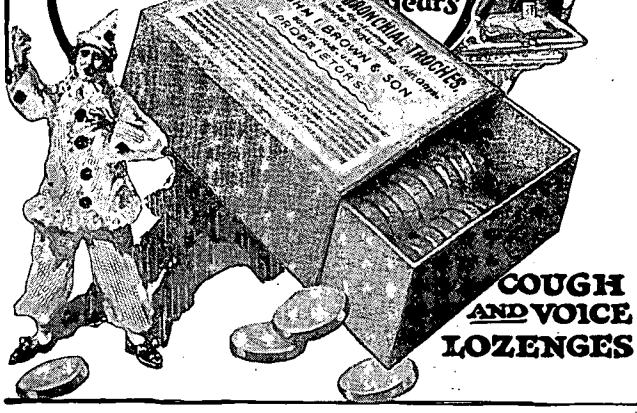

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This Week

Manuel Ugarte must have about as much fun as anybody in the world. When his flashing South American eye lights upon one of our portly business boosters he sees no mere radio fan or Mah Jongg expert, but a crafty and inscrutable wizard of finance. And when one of our diplomats swims into his ken, the shades of Metternich and Talleyrand hang their heads in shame. But you have to read the entire article to catch the proper spirit, and when you have finished you will be placing your order for the book in which it will eventually appear.

* * *

Karel Čapek's own abridged guidebook to England has some amusing epigrams in it. But in as much as the author has been staying with Bernard Shaw, one wonders whether it is not his master's voice that says, 'In England I should like to be a cow or a baby.'

* * *

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Manuel Ugarte, a name familiar to *Living Age* readers, is already well known on three continents. In all the countries of South America, needless to say, the writings of this brilliant young author have long been eagerly read. Several of Señor Ugarte's books have been translated into French and English, and *The Destiny of a Continent*, soon to be published in the United States, is certain to excite much comment.

The breadth of interest characteristic of the best English newspaper-men appears in **J. P. Collins.** Nearly thirty years of the newspaper mill — including ten years on the *Birmingham Daily Post* and sixteen on the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Magazine* — leave him with his taste as fresh as ever for literature on our side of the Atlantic. Perhaps this is partly because during most of his career he has also been London correspondent of various overseas papers. During the war he represented the *Morning Post* on special missions to the Western Front.

E. M. Nicholson, a student of Victorian — and other — literature, avers that Thomas Huxley's generation was quite as stupid as Aldous Huxley's generation expects us to believe. While Mr. Nicholson is slashing away at mighty names and assailing cherished English beliefs as mere superstition, **P. M. Sherlock** is discoursing entertainingly of other superstitions in an English dependency. Mr. Nicholson would certainly say that, though the superstitions may be different, Victorian excellencies and Jamaican obeah are alike in being superstitious.

The flippant wit who takes liberties with the great gentleman of Stratford withholds his name, probably for fear of assault by embattled legions of professors. The *Mask*, in which he writes, is the vehicle of Gordon Craig and his brilliant school of stage reformers and experimenters.

Karel Čapek is a reminder of the good old days when men dared set out to be 'universal geniuses.' His play *R. U. R.* has thrilled successively Prague, London, and America. In the *Insect Comedy*, a dramatic fantasy based on J.-H. Fabre's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, he collaborated with his brother Josef. This was a Prague success, though it had less fortune elsewhere. Finding the field of drama not broad enough, Čapek has written novels, short stories, philosophical treatises, and translations of French poetry. He is, incidentally, a doctor of philosophy — and only thirty-four. The sketches of England constitute his second series of travel letters. The first series was written during a trip in Italy.

Though most at home in the quiet of the eighteenth century, **I. A. Williams** is not averse to satirizing the frenzied diplomacy of the twentieth. 'The Man Who Stole the Pelican' represents him in this mood. A charming little anthology drawn from the less-known eighteenth century poets represents the other.

Prior to publication of his new biography of Eckermann, **H. H. Houben** has been publishing choice bits of his new discoveries in various German papers. Dr. Houben is the author of innumerable books of criticism, biography, and travel.

Graham Sutherland is a very youthful and promising English artist whose recent London show is described in 'Life, Letters, and the Arts.'

The *Living Age* greets the visit to America of M. Firmin Gémier, the distinguished director of the Odéon, and his brilliant company, with the first English translation of *Le Procureur Hallers*, one of Gémier's tried and tested successes. The play is an adaptation from Paul Lindau's novel, by Henri de Gorsse and Louis Forest, French dramatists of the older generation.

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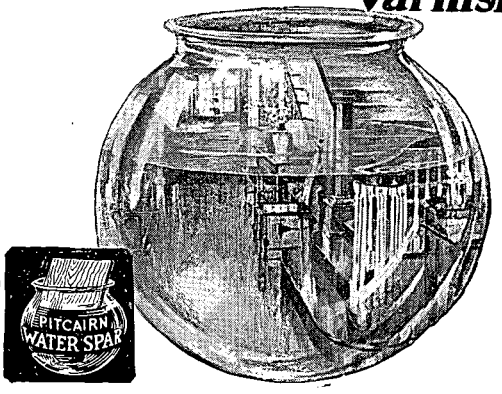

Your furniture will never have to stand this test

YOUR home may never be inundated. But every wet shoe that leaves its mark on your floors, every drop of liquid spilled on your table, produces the same effect in a minor way.

Waterspar is water-proof. You can see visible proof of it in any Waterspar dealer's store — a Watersparred panel submerged in water day in and day out for months. Water can have no effect upon the surface. And it wears and wears! Besides transparent Waterspar, there are eighteen beautiful shades of Waterspar colored varnish and enamels.

Waterspar Varnish is one of the Pittsburgh Proof Products, manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. There is a Pittsburgh Proof Product to fill your need, whether it be paint, glass, varnish or brushes.

"A Guide to Better Homes" written by an authority on interior decoration. Send 10 cents to Department P, Milwaukee, Wis.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

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"Save the surface and you save all"

Varnish

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MAGAZINE making as we see it is something more than assembling the froth of the day and the hour to appeal to frothy-minded people.

It is likewise something more than collecting dull discussions of worn-out topics and antediluvian ideas.

As a matter of fact, it is a job that keeps us on the alert all the time.

★ ★ ★

Permanency has had a large part in the editing of Scribner's Magazine. The volumes of Scribner's Magazine lined up on our shelves contain some of the living parts of our literature.

But that does not mean that we rest on our reputation. It serves only as a spur to make each number of Scribner's Magazine enhance that reputation.

★ ★ ★

But, say you, these be glittering generalities.

★ ★ ★

We therefore point specifically to the current Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine.

★ ★ ★

It contains the final chapters of John Galsworthy's new novel "The White Monkey."

★ ★ ★

Edith Wharton reveals the secret of her art in her first essay "The Writing of Fiction."

★ ★ ★

James L. Ford contributes "My Memories of the Early Eighties."

★ ★ ★

William J. Henderson, distinguished music critic, discusses "The Emancipation of Music."

★ ★ ★

Four authors representative of the new American fiction contribute short stories.

★ ★ ★

Two well-known men tell how they rediscovered life — one as a college freshman and the other as a worker in a settlement house.

★ ★ ★

The dean of art critics in America discusses religious painting.

★ ★ ★

The most popular literary critic in America writes on books and people.

And this is only one number. Select any issue and see for yourself.

★ ★ ★

Among the leading features of the January number will be John Galsworthy's reminiscences of Joseph Conrad.

★ ★ ★

And in February the first of John Hays Hammond's "Strong Men of the Wild West."

★ ★ ★

It is easier now to understand why Scribner's Magazine continues in families generation after generation.

And why it has become a habit with those who select their reading as carefully as they select the other perquisites of life.

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